Sign. L 68 50

THE

# Loving Enemies:

A

# COMEDY,

As it was Acted at His Highness the DUKE of YORK's THEATRE.

Written by *L. MAIDWELL.*

*Ingenium secuit primus qui navе profundum,*
*Et rudibus remis sollicitavit aquas,*
*Tranquillis primum trepidus se credidit undis,*
*Littora securo tramite summa legens:*
*Mox vagus exultat pelago, cœlumque secutus*
*Ægeas hyemes, Ioniasque domat.*

Claudian.

LONDON,

Printed for *John Guy* at the Sign of the *Flying Horse* between St. *Dunstan's* Church, and *Chancery* Lane. 1680.

2828.81

To the much Honoured

# CHARLES FOX, Eſq;

*SIR,*

I Very much congratulate this occaſion, though I readily acknowledge, that this poor Preſent brings ſmall advantage to any, but him that gives it; who gains thereby the opportunity of publickly owning thoſe great reſpects he ſhall alwayes pay your name, and of ſetting his hand to a paper, as a voluntary ſurrendry to you, of all his good Wiſhes, and Services. If the Treat he provided be not ſo well dreſt, or ſerv'd up, as it ought to be, pray let him beg pardon, with that common, yet neceſſary excuſe of a young Houſe-keeper, one not well ſettled, and ſcarce with any thing in readineſs. Suppoſe his Garden newly planted, very little, or no fruit to be expected the firſt year, and the unexperienced Planter, not as yet well skill'd, in keeping off the cold winds, and nipping Froſts; howſoever he intreats you to receive what he has rais'd, and to eat kindly of his firſt-fruits, with which the greateſt men have been alwayes pleaſed, and Heaven claims them before other off rings.

Now dear Sir, as I once lov'd you with your other Brothers, so those hopeful Gentlemen being dead, I will center my good wishes on you; may you joyn their virtues and sweetness to your own, may you be one for all, to your Relations, and Friends, and may you like your excellent Father, be as eminently concern'd in the World, and as honourably prais'd by it, to the great satisfaction of

*Sir*,

*Your most humble Servant*,

L. Maidwell.

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PROLOGUE.

# PROLOGUE.

WHo dares be witty now, and with juſt rage
Diſturb the vice, and follies of the Age?
With Knaves and Fools, Satyr's a dang'rous fault,
They will not let you rub their ſores with ſalt.
Elſe Roſe-ſtreets Ambuſcade ſhall break your head,
And life in Verſe ſhall lay the Poet dead.
Since therefore ſuch unequal Judges ſit,
Who for ſuſpicion puniſh men of Wit,
'Twill be ſelf-preſervation to be dull,
It cracks the credit but preſerves the ſkull.
Henceforth live long and undiſturbed lives,
Your Countrey-Worſhips, and your tawdry Wives,
The flaunting Punk and Ladies eldeſt Son,
All ſuch who are by mutual crimes undone;
Like Lakes look green and flouriſh to the Eye,
But yet for want of ſtirring putrifie.
For I am told that Fop, and eke the Clown,
Jointly ſubſcribe Petitions in each Town,
And ſwear all Satyr with bold truth ſhall down.
Why, cry they, What has wit to do with me?
With this Mans folly, or his knavery,
It is not fit we loſe our property.
We'll pound the Poet up in ſmall extent,
Far from his arbitrary Government.
Birth-right is birth-right, and he ſhall not rail,
We are undone, if common ſenſe prevail.
Meum and tuum now ſhall be the rule,
The Magna Charta for the Knave and Fool.
Therefore the Poet that deſigns this Treat,
Ventures to ſerve up light and innocent meat.
And ſince high ſeaſon'd ſauce don't well agree,
Excuſe a ſtrangers plainer Cookery.
For to extreams you do the Poet drive,
And make him leave his beſt prerogative.
So the poor Beaver leſt he prove a prey,
Bites off his deareſt part, and throws away.

# Dramatis Personæ.

| | | By |
|---|---|---|
| *Lorenzo* | Two Noblemen Enemies to one another from a long fewd in their Families. | Mr. *Betterton.* |
| *Marcello* | | Mr. *Smith.* |
| *Antonio.* | In love with *Lucinda*, but pretends it to the Widow. | Mr. *Jo. Williams.* |
| *Paulo.* | A brisk old Gentleman in love with the Widow. | Mr. *Leigh.* |
| *Circumstantio.* | A formal *Valet de Chambre* very troublesome with impertinent Rhetorick. | Mr. *Underhill.* |
| *Albrigio.* | Servant to *Lorenzo.* | Mr. *Richards.* |

| | | By |
|---|---|---|
| *Julia.* | Sister to *Lorenzo*, in love with *Marcello*, yet never seen by him. | Mrs. *Mary Lee.* |
| *Camilla.* | Sister to *Marcello*, in love with *Lorenzo*, yet never seen by him. | Mrs. *Barry.* |
| *Lucinda.* | Old *Paulo*'s daughter, in love with *Antonio.* | Mrs. *Shadwell.* |
| *Paulina.* | A rich Widow. | Mrs. *Leigh.* |
| *Nuarcha.* | An old Maid almost undone for want of an Husband. | Mrs. *Norris.* |

With other Servants and Attendants.

Scene *FLORENCE.*

# ACT I. SCENE I.

*Antonio* and *Circumstantio*. *Ant.* waking and rising from his *Couch.*

*Ant.* BLess me, *Circumstantio*, how goes the day?

*Circ.* Dear Sir, two hours precisely are roul'd off since the Meridian, and Sir by the way I have often thought the Sun a proper emblem of all us, though we be never so glorious for birth or parts, like him alas how soon we set! 'tis pity noble Sir that men of parts—

*Ant.* —Again Fool brushing up your thredbare phrases, your nasty ends of Gold and Silver, your tawdry intellectual Wardrobe, you had best tell me what's a Clock without your foolish sentences and morals—Thou everlasting Coxcomb, are not words to express thoughts by, and the plainest expression of our meanings best?

*Cir.* Oh Heaven Sir you amaze me! plain speaking! Sure words were meant for ornaments of thoughts, and I'd not for the Universe be without those tropes, and flowers that my discourse adorn.

*Ant.* Most excellent Rogue! flowers? no your weeds rise thick, and I will root out them or thee, thou gross nauseous Fool: laughter which first thou tookest as an applause, since it hath been the cause of thy disease, shall be thy cure, and thou shalt be a scorn to all the Family.

*Cir.* The envy, not the scorn, no men of parts can laugh at me

*Ant.* In short Sirrah, tell me plainly what's a clock, or I will cudgel you most excessively.

*Cir.* Sir, the Sun has from its Zenith these two hours declined.

*Ant.* Incorrigible wordy Rogue!—Come Sirrah, I'll stop those Rhetorick vapours—Ho there within *Pietro*, is the Pillory I bespoke for this Fool made? [Enter *Pietro.*

*Pietro.* It is Sir.

*Ant.* Let it be brought in.

*Pietr.* It shall Sir. *Ex. Pietro.*

*Ant.* Now Sir you shall find the ill success of translating the florid Coxcomb. Is there but one sort of Fool more nauseous than other to me, (I mean your Orator) and must you copy him?

*Cir.* Sir be concise and clear, I hope you mean not me.

*Ant.* In short, most eloquent puppy, you must stand in the Pillory, expos'd to jeers and taunts of all the house, until two hours precisely are rowl'd off. ——Sirrah, I told you the next trope was Capital, no metaphors but in turn'd suits Fool.

*Cir. Oh utinam nescirem literas* —— the Pillory for Rhetorick and good parts!

*Ant.* There is no remedy, I have often threatned you before.

*Cir.* Oh cruel master whose heart is hard as Rocks of Adamant!

*Ant.* Within there, bring in the Pillory, I'll try if punishment will reform thee.

*Cir.* I'll dye a martyr Sir to tropes and figures, Oh Nick— Nick *Machiavel* thou hast well observed, great merits when they rise too high, meet hate from them who ought to recompence them. Consider Sir the injury you do your own fair Honour, alas I shall not be hurt. } *Enter with pillory.*

*Ant.* I'll try that, put him in.

*Piet.* Come, come on.

*Cir.* Be not so temerarious, Friends.

*Ant.* Put him in, he's at his tropes still.

*Cir.* Must I abandon eloquence?—Certes thou wast not born of Humane race, but sprung from some wild *Numidian* Father, and got on some rough *Caledonian* Mother, from *Ganges* West, to *Gades* East, there is not one so savage. Hold, Hold, I say—

Enter *Marcello.*

*Ant.* Welcome my dear *Marcello* thou art come in good time to see my Farce.

*Mar.* What Engine's this?

*Ant.* 'Tis a Collar for my Orator, you have often known him plague me with his tropes; this Rascal serv'd me all the



while

while I ſtudied at *Padua*, where (inſtead of Learning) the Coxcomb got a little falſe Rhetorick and Pedantry, he affects to talk like a Scholar, and never ſince would bring a meſſage or tell what's a clock without a trope.

*Marc.* 'Tis pity you ſhould affron one of ſuch parts, releaſe him now, I'll be his ſurety.

*Ant.* He's incorrigible.

*Circ.* Sir, when for this noble interceſſion I ſhall ceaſe to offer the oblation of my thanks upon the Altar of my heart, may I become the ſcum and ſcorn of vagabonds.

*Ant.* You ſee his amendment. [*Enter* Nuarcha. Deareſt *Nuarcha*, I am your humble ſervant, let me kiſs thee.

*Nuar.* Thank you dear Sir.

*Ant.* What news from my Miſtreſs the Widow *Paulina*?

*Nuar.* This night ſhe ends her year of Widowhood, and now will ſee and ſpeak with man again, ſhe has removed my old Maſters ſtatue out of her Bed-chamber, and old Seignior *Paulo* has leave this night to ſpeak with her, but ſure ſhe is deſigned for one more young, of whom ſhe thinks and talks, ſleeping and waking.

*Ant.* Much thanks for thy goods news, faith I muſt kiſs thee again, though much againſt my conſcience and my appetite. [*aſide.*

*Nuar.* How ſoveraign a Cordial is Mankind!

*Cir.* Sir I beſeech you to entreat for a remiſſion of my ignominious cenſure.

*Mar.* Pray releaſe your Orator on his ſubmiſſion.

*Ant.* I do upon condition he will abandon tropes and figures, and ſpeak ſence to his fellow ſervants.

*Nuar.* My affairs call me home, I had almoſt forgotten, Mrs, *Lucinda*, Seignior *Paulo*'s daughter, whom you know her Father has placed with my Lady, has a deſire to ſpeak with you in the Garden about the prevention of her Fathers marriage with my Lady, which would much prejudice her affairs, I will make way for you to ſee her.

*Ant.* You will moſt infinitely oblige me, aſſure her I will not fail to do her all the ſervice of my life, and ſhould think my ſelf happy to venture it for her. One kiſs more, dear ſweet Mrs. *Nuarcha*.

*Nuar.* A moſt abſolute compleat fine Gentleman, a civil

proper young man is a moſt ſweet Creature! Sir your moſt obedient ſervant.

*Ant.* Your ſervant. [*Ex. Nuar.*

*Marc.* You are a moſt vigorous man to be able to kiſs this Succubus.

*Ant.* This ſalacious old Chamber-maid is better bribed this way than any other.

*Mar.* You have a luſty mind to the Widow I ſee, that you can travel through ſo foul a way to her.

*Ant.* O *Marcello*, 'tis not the Widow which I aime at. *Lucinda*'s Mine of beauty far exceeds the Widows wealth, ſo excellent, ſo ſweet, ſo rare a Creature, I but pretended paſſion to the Widow to get acceſs to beautiful *Lucinda*, and now congratulate my happineſs, ſhe has contrived an interview her ſelf. But why do I tell thee of this? thou art an Heretick, an Infidel to love.

*Mar.* Oh thou miſſak'ſt me, dear *Antonio*, I am a Convert, I have the Image of a fair one ſtampt upon my heart, that ne're can be effaced.

*Ant.* This is news indeed, may I know who this fair one is?

*Marc.* That adds to my confuſion, ſhe is unknown; yeſterday morning going to my devotions, this Lady being near me, dropt her Handkerchief, I ſtoopt and gave it her, ſhe haſtily put up her Vaile, and with ſo ſweet an aire thank'd me for my ſervice, and ſhow'd me ſuch a face, that nature in all her plenteous ſtore can never ſhew an equal.

*Ant.* The ſhewing of her face in *Florence*, is an encouragement againſt deſpair.

*Mar.* I ſhould have thought ſo, had not I found when ſhe perceived I watched her ſhe ſhun'd my ſearch, and ſpight of all my diligence avoided me in the crowd at Church, ſo that the ſhewing of her matchleſs face appears an accident from her ſurpriſe, and no deſigned favour.

*Ant.* It cannot be, you conſtrue it amiſs, fear not ſhe'll give you opportunity again to ſee her. But as you are my Friend, I have a thing of near concernment to relate to you, a thing that grievs me much, I find the Duke's command has not yet power to tame *Lorenzo*'s ſpirit, he ſeems yet more enraged than ever.

*Marc.* I know it ſince the Duke check't him ſo ſeverely, and vow'd

vow'd to punish his disobedience if he contracted not a friendship with me; he thinks that I by a complaint caused his disgrace, and is more bent upon revenge for that.

*Ant.* It is a custome too frequent, and too brutal here, for Parents to entail their Quarrels with their Estates.

*Marc.* It is so, and therefore I'd avoid them. Our Fathers ambitious of preferment could not admit superiour or equal, they liv'd like the two fam'd *Theban* Brothers alwayes in war, the fierce *Lorenzo* when but young was sworn to oppose the Growth and Fortune of our house, hatred was left by Will and Testament. I have used all healing wayes, affecting the friendship of a person that but for this, would be most worthy of it, but 'tis all in vain. [*Enter* Circumst.

*Cir.* A Messenger from *Padua*, who by his haste may well be called a *Mercury*, well figur'd by his wings on Head and Feet, is much sollicitous to impart his grand affair unto your proper ears.

*Ant.* Again at tropes, thou odious Rogue?

*Marc. Antonio* Fare thee well, I will to Vespers, and see if I can find my unknown Mistress out.

*Ant.* Farewell *Marcello*, I see this Love will make thee very devout. Where is this Messenger? [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Julia *and* Leonora *her Governess in the Town.*

*Leon.* Madam, do not thus blast your beauty with your sighs,
And drown it with fond tears, forget the cause
Of this dire mischief.

*Julia.* As soon a wretch with dislocated limbs
Might put the rack out of his memory
That caus'd his torments. How just is heaven
To punish thus the Brothers unjust rage
With hopeless love upon the Sister! Fierce *Lorenzo*
Still more and more pursues the good *Marcello*
Hurryed by my Fathers hot spirit, and
His own mistakes and Jealousies, whilst I
Doat on *Marcello*'s generous nature, which
Would pass by all his crying injuries,
And heal the wounds which weaken both our Families.
At first I but admired his lovely form,

His

His vertue now compleats the victory.

*Leo.* Why do you call yours hopeless love? *Marcella*
Though yet he knows you not, has seen and loves you,
By yesterdays good signs you saw it, which
I'm too skilful not to understand.

*Julia.* Ah *Leonora*, should my Brother know
He once hath seen my face, although by chance,
He'd tear my heart out, but did he know
I lov'd him! Oh fatal eyes that ere beheld
This lovely enemy.

*Leon.* Yet were you married to *Marcello*, his courage
Might defend you from your Brother and perhaps that marriage
Would close the breach between the Families.

*Julia.* 'Twould pull down ruine on us both,
I see thou know'st not his ungovern'd rage.

*Leo.* Too well I know and fear it, he is talking yonder
In the Piazza, should I suffer you to loiter thus
In the way to Church, I should soon feel his rage I fear.
Let's hasten to Vespers, devotion and good musick
May perhaps soften your care.

*Julia.* No *Leonora*, no divinity can justle out *Marcello*
From my thoughts. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Camilla *and her Governess.*

*Gov.* Come Charge, let's hasten to the Church,
The Saint of this day whatever good he
Does, brings us good Musick. All the Masters
In *Florence* assist at the Ceremony.

*Cam.* Yet all will cause but little harmony
In me, there's nought but discord in my thoughts.
Oh fatal love! yonder is my *Lorenzo*,
Heaven! my *Lorenzo*, foolish tongue he ne're
Alas can be so, though he long has warm'd
My tender heart, and yet he never saw me.

*Gov.* What are you musing on? let's haste to Church.

*Cam.* He'll hate the Sister of his enemy,
His rage does burn so fiercely in his breast
'Twill cause eternal separation
'Twixt him and any of our Race; fool that

I am,

I am, that I should like that fierceness
In him too, and think it does become him.
*Gov.* What do you mutter to your self? go on.
*Cam.* I find my love too hard for me, when we are
Bewitched to love a man, we like
Each fault, and folly in him too.
Bless me! my Brother and he come
Towards one another! stand by, I'll
Wait the sad event, I shall be known
By thee, else my black habit makes me
Undistinguish'd, and I would try to hinder it.
*Gov.* I'll not appear.
*Cam.* Retire, I'll venture on an odd experiment.

*Enter* Julia *and* Leonora.

*Julia.* What's here my Brother and *Marcello*!
Oh fatal meeting. Retire *Leonora* and let
Me alone———

*Enter* Lorenzo *and his man* Vincentio,
*and* Marcello *with his man* Albricio.

*Lor.* Who's here, my hated Foe? now for his
Blood, what power has hitherto defended
Him from this Arm and Justice?
*Vinc.* So I shall have an honourable occasion
Of shewing my prowess.
*Mar.* I will avoid him as much as honour
Will permit me.
*Lor.* What dost thou shun me, Coward?
*Mar.* I am less a Coward than thou a Brute,
I fear thee not thou know'st it,
But I'd obey the Duke.
*Lor.* That name calls all my strength into my arm
And quickens my revenge, you have abus'd me.
*Mar.* 'Tis false.
*Lor.* At thy life.
*Mar.* Thou ne're shalt reach it.
*They go to fight.*
*Albr.* Sir I will wait upon you.
*Vinc.* Your servant Sir.
*Julia.* Oh hold your hand, spill not *Lorenzo*'s blood,
Julia *goes to* Marcello *and* Camilla *to* Lorenzo.

*Mar.*

*Mar.* My life, my ſoul, my Genius, my good Angel
In appearance, but my deſtroyer now.
Am I a Rival to my enemy?
*Lor.* Is your protection there?
*Mar.* 'Tis in my hand.
*Cam.* O Sir, If ever prayers could move your fierce
And ſtubborn nature, hear 'em now,
Pull not *Marcello*'s blood upon thy head.
He's Generous and would forget your injuries.
*Lor.* He dare not then remember 'em, prithee
Woman let me go. —— Come from thy guard
And fight.
*Cam.* Hold, hold, the raſhneſs of this act will ruine you. } *Cam. puts up her vail.*
Beho'd my tears, deny 'em if you can.
*Lor.* Ha! who art thou?
By heaven the brighteſt thing that e're was ſeen,
What is't ſhrinks up my nerves, and calls
Back my revenge?
*Cam.* I on my knees beſeech you will deſiſt
From your raſh action, can you deny me?
*Lor.* By all the Saints in heav'n I cannot.
Death what's this that ſoftens me to
Woman? By heaven and earth ſhe is
The ſweeteſt Creature that earth e're was,
Or heaven e're made.
*Julia.* Who is't that on her knees can beg for my *Marcello*? have I Rivals too beſides the
Enmity of our Family to undo me?
*Mar.* Ah Madam had the care you have expreſs'd
Been aim'd at me, I had been bleſt enough.
*Julia.* I had a care of you, but he muſt be my care.
*Lor. Marcello* go and live, this Lady bids thee
Live. Thank her.
*Mar.* I thank none but heaven for my life,
It is unmanly to be thus vain-glorious.
*Julia.* Good Sir walk this way, I have ſomething
More to ſay to you. [*Ex. Marcello* and *Julia.*
*Lor.* Who are you Madam that have hindred
This preſent quarrel between my mortal Foe

And

And me, but for me tell you, y'are to disturb
My private peace, and raise a war more
Dangerous within me than any thing I
Could have met from him.

*Cam.* I dare not tell my name, I meant no
Harm to you, but if you love your self,
Or if your nature has imbibed
But the least softness from your Mothers milk,
Pursue not further good *Marcello's* life.

*Lor.* Good *Marcello!* Hell and Furies! she loves him.
First let me know who gives me this command.

*Cam.* First Sir, deserve it by your temper,
And be assured I will not be ungrateful.
Farewell. *Exeunt. Cam.* Gov.

*Lor.* Tempests and whirlwinds! whither am I rapt!
She is gone, she has left me quite unmann'd
At once I am stung with love and jealousie,
And I have let my Rival scape my fury.
Sirrah, dog that Lady, and on your life
Enquire out who she is. [*Ex. Vinc.*
Thou art not my Foe alone but happy Rival.
Instead of cooling sure has inflam'd our strife;
I'll first defeat thy love, then take thy life. [*Ex. Loren.*

*The Scene discovers* Paulo *leaping with his Doublet off.*

*Paulo.* In troth 'tis well leape, *Paulo*, who can say thou'rt old, let me see any young man leap with more agility ——hah well done *Paulo*, come thy joints are pliant, thy back lusty, and thou fit for an able Bridegroom, —— hah well done again honest *Paulo*. What? grey hairs are no marks of old age, but of many years, of chaste and sober youth, and of no idle expence of life, of no years cut off by a Chirurgeon, nor washt away in a Tavern. Widow I commend thee in thy first choice, and hope thou wilt resemble it in a second— Have at thee Widow, have at thee. —Now well jumpt *Paulo*. But now I must fatherly infuse Chastity into my Daughter, and teach her rules too hard for me, Declaim against the lewdness of the World, and advise her to chuse the vertue of a Nunnery,

nery, for she being thus settled, my Widow can assault me with no very strong objection. *Lucinda* come hither.

[*Enter* Lucinda *and* Nuarcha.

*Lucin.* I come Sir.

*Paulo.* What have you been doing *Lucinda*?

*Luc.* Sir I have been observing the Pictures in the long Gallery.

*Paulo.* Which of them Child?

*Luc.* I observed *Europa* and *Jupiter*, and the Picture of *Calisto* surpriz'd by the same amorous God.

*Nuar.* And we observed how he put a trick upon *Danae*, for all the Guards of her severe Father.

*Paulo.* Out upon it, meer bawdry, dost thou know my Child the moral of it? it declares a hot Gallant, and a vile Governess debauch't with money to ruine her charge: Out upon you naughty Girle! to indulge your Carnality with provocation; why did you not look upon the good Saint *Mary Magdalen*, you know she bemoan'd all her love-vanities, you should have viewed St. *Katharine* of *Alexandria*. Did not I bid you speak to your Lady to take down these Pictures, and that of *Mars* and *Venus* in a net? [*To* Nuarcha.

*Nuar.* O Devilish dissembling old Fellow!

*Paulo.* I will be a kind Father in keeping thee spotless from this world, I am now old, and can best tell you the small improvement vertue makes in Worldly conversation; come, have you considered well my Child our late Discourse about a Nunnery? Oh the sweet life! O the blessedness of such retirement! O divine pleasure of a Nunnery!

*Nuar.* This old Goat thinks to deceive me. What sure do you propose most unnatural rules to be observ'd by her in the fresh spring of her life, which you cannot submit to in the frozen *December* of your age?

*Paulo.* Peace vain naughty carnal Woman. Speak Child, does silence give consent? perhaps thou may'st through piety be Canonized: O what joy! and what honour to us all! to have posterity after thy death pay devotion to St. *Lucinda*.

*Luc.* Pray Sir, may not Wives be Saints? if you please I will turn Nun when I am a Widow.

*Nuar.*

*Nuar.* I, well said Madam; Pray have you the heart to put a young Woman of this neat shape, this complexion, these bright eyes, this sweet breath, these clean teeth—

*Paulo.* Woman, hold thy tongue.

*Nuar.* I will not, what into a Nunnery! what flesh and blood dares be her Confessor? there's ne're a shav'd pate of them all but has more mind to her than a month's fasting.

*Paulo.* O Lord! she will make me deaf with talking.

[ *He walks disturb'd and she follows him.*

*Nuar.* Had she been crooked, had she wanted an eye, one leg shorter, one hand revers'd, or uncurable fits, or by any distemper improper for copying out her own sweet-fac'd Picture: then she had been fit for a Nunnery, then most fit for your *Matins* and *Vespers*.

*Paulo.* Well, have you done?

*Nuar.* No Sir, I have not done, Is this flesh and blood for a Nunnery? no, she shall be a Matrimonial Saint; her shrine shall be a Down-bed and a Quilt, and her Chapel a well furnisht Chamber, the Pilgrim that shall kneel to her and kiss her, shall be a young handsome man, and you need expect no Miracle, but to see her Nuns work run up and down, and call you Grand *Pappa*.

*Paulo.* I tell thee Woman, I shall chastise thee if thou holdest not thy tongue. Thou hast been false, thou hast corrupted my daughter, thou hast confederated with Carnality: Get thee out of my sight, I will forthwith speak to my Lady Abbess about it, and she shall be admitted to morrow.

*Luc.* Sir, if you please, since a Daughter cannot with a Father dispute this great affair, which like marriage is for better for worse, let your Friend and mine reason it calmly, whether your only Daughter should turn Nun; If their reasons convince me, I obey.

*Paulo.* Well, for once I consent, who shall they be?

*Luc.* Sir, any young Gentleman of *Florence* shall judge for me, and for You my design'd Mother-in-Law *Paulina*.

*Paulo.* Begon you sawcy Baggage: What, concern your self in your Fathers Business? what, you can prate, can you disobedience?

*Luc.* No Sir, I am all duty; you told me, you lov'd me, because I did resemble my Mother: I would faign increase your

love, and be like my Mother in every thing.

*Paulo.* Begon I say, my will is fixt.

*Luc.* Pray Sir, I ever lov'd my Father, and since the world is so perillous, let us both leave it: You often commanded me to follow my Parents Example.

*Paulo.* Hence Impudence. And get thee out of my presence, Thou pestilence of the Family: [*Exeunt Luc.* and *Nuar.* —— pert Slut —— Well now for my Widow —— Well jumpt *Paulo* — hah vigorous *Paulo*, hah lusty *Paulo* — Hah brave *Paulo*. [*Exit jumping.*

# ACT II. SCENE 1.

*Enter* Antonio, *after him* Circumstantio.

*Ant.* WEll sirrah, what makes you stay so long, when I bid you return a speedy answer from *Lucinda*?

*Circ.* Pray Sir, let me excuse my stay, *secundum quid*, by the History of some extraordinary contingences which interfer'd, though indeed I am of the Stoicks opinion, that nothing is contingent, but only seems so *quoad nos*.

*Ant.* Sirrah to the purpose, Rogue, Rascal. [*He kicks him.*

*Circ.* Sir, why do you wrong your self, and debase your nature by this vile imploy, which instead of making you red with anger, should make you blush for shame?

*Ant.* You tormenting Villain speak now, or else I am resolv'd to damn you to the Pillory.

*Circ.* Alas Sir, the Pillory! by this passion you extinguish every thing that is *Socratick*, or indeed Philosophical; you become my servant, I can make you kick me when I please, alas poor Gentleman! did he but see how passion alters his countenance, and defaces the pleasure of his Mistress!

*Ant.* Within there—bring in the Pillory; now sirrah you shall not escape: bid your fellows come in with the Pillory and Garland.

*Circ.* Sir, pray ponder the thing, and that you may not by designing me, expose your self to domestick ignominy, I will endeavour to give verbal satisfaction.

*Enter*

*Enter* Pietro, *Cook, Butler, Coachman, with the Pillory and Garland.*

*Ant.* Look invincible fool, here is the best Scheme for your Rhetorick, this must be your Climax, and this the ornament for your florid head, come put his Collar on, least in his madness he bites some of you, and so infect you.

*Circ.* Fellow-servants intreat your Master to consult his reputation, and not pursue a thing so *mal a propos.*

*Ant.* Insufferable slave, as impudent, as invincible.

*Circ.* Sir, what error, what fault, what transgression? where is the least Circumlocution? though habits are very tough.

*Ant.* In with him. I leave him to you, let him not sleep, for that's bad in Physick, I allow you all battering instruments; sirrah, your faults are many, I hope they will reckon them up in my absence. [*Ex. Antonio.*

*Circ. Torrens dicendi copia multis, & sua mortifera est facundia.*

*Pietro.* What at it again? I hope this punishment will prove a cleansing vomit for your tough bits of eloquence.

*Circ.* I will suppress my anger, though it swells my heart, and hear what the dull Rout will say, and thus by taciturnity deceive them. Philosophy I thank thee!

*Cook.* Lord what makes *Circumstantio* in this strange *disabille* as he used to call it! he swells like some Don in his ruff, sure the rogue has got a cold and cannot stir his neck.

*Butler.* No, no, the Landress has put too much starch in his Cravat: that light pate of his peeps like a Cork out of a bottle.

*Coach.* Well learned *Domine!* I knew you would at last be yoked for your frequent breaking of hedges, most high and mighty, you were alwayes despising your fellow-servants, calling the Cook greasie, Butler frothy, the Coachman stable-man.

*Enter* Nuarcha.

*Pietro.* I am afraid our sport will be prevented by the coming of this old Maid, now must we kiss her, and talk of her husband, to keep her in some tolerable humour. Come Gentlemen show your breeding. [*they kiss her one after another.*

*Nuar.*

*Nuar.* Blessings on you all, kind hearts, I have not received so much comfort these two months: pray where is *Antonio*? for I came to speak with him: ah! but what do I see the accomplished *Circumstantio* in the Pillory?

*Cir.* Ah how dark and erroneous are the sentiments of the unphilosophick, which proceed from want of definition and distinction, they suppose this Pillory to be *malum verum*, which we that have been better taught know to be but *malum apparens*, no wise man can suffer ill; for how insignificant is *malum pœna*, when the essence of a man is free from *malum culpæ*! Oh what consolation do I find in Metaphysicks! I will assure you Auditors, neither candid, nor gentle, that I value not this Pillory nor its Pilloreity.

*Nuar.* Well, I never heard him speak so finely before.

*Pietro.* Mrs. *Nuarcha*, my Master is coming.

*Nuar.* Then I will compose my self.

Sir, Mrs. *Lucinda* so desirous of your company [*Enter Ant.* has sent me after your servant to hasten your coming, and to tell you that she expects you within an hour at the Garden door, where I shall be ready to receive you, and for this good news let me beg *Circumstantio*'s liberty. Indeed Sir you do not use him according to his deserts.

*Ant.* Indeed Mrs. *Nuarcha* you are in the right, but for your sake and this excellent news, I will not at this time be ungrateful in denying you any thing, well let him come out; *Circumstantio* you're bound to pay your respects to this Lady, and by right, if she thinks fitting, to marry her that brings you the reprieve, but as the Prologue of Matrimony, kiss her.

*Cir.* I kiss her not *quâ Nuarcha*, but *quatenus* my deliveress.

[*Kisses her.*

*Nuar.* Your words and lips shall alwayes be acceptable. *Antonio* I must now return, shall I tell *Lucinda* that you will not fail, for she expects me with impatiency.

*Ant.* Tell her I will watch each minute, and the hour will seem a year till I wait on her. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Julia *and Governess, presently after* Marcello, *and his Servant, in the Town.*

*Gov.* Madam, *Marcello* just meets us.

*Jul.*

*Jul.* ——If he
Knows me I am ruin'd, is there no way
To escape him? though I would willingly
With his leave fly into his arms.
*Gov.* —Come, come
Prepare your discretion to receive him.
And put him off with hopes of seeing him,
*Marc.* Madam, though in obedience to your command
I durst not enter the Church after you,
So nice you are of discovering your self,
Yet now be not offended if I strive
To know the name of my kind Protectress.
*Jul.* Sir, pray retire, for sure the fierce *Lorenzo*
Hovers hereabouts to meet you, and then
If his fury returns, as sure it will,
Perhaps the kind Lady that bow'd his heart
And arm, may not be at hand to help you.
*Marc.* Like Heaven you gave us unexpected help,
And speak your mind like it in Oracles,
Dark and mysterious. I know no Lady
Neither you nor her, and owe no safety
To any but your self. Strange interview!
Big with contraries, which saves, and yet destroyes.
To hinder my chance of death thrown
From my enemy, yet as the same Friend
To murder me by kindness to my foe!
*Julia.* Let it satisfie in this place in words
To promise you, that I am as ready
As the other Lady to render my
Assistance to the worthy *Marcello.*
*Marc.* It seems you know me Madam.
*Jul.* —Not so well
As the Lady who ventured the blind rage
Of *Lorenzo*, by exposing her life
To save yours, you have small reason to blame
My hard heart, when you find such softness there.
*Marc.* Madam, 'tis the greatest severity
To rally with a Wretch upon the rack.
*Jul.* Come, you must be kept there till you confess.
*Marc.* Confess! what Madam?

*Julia.*

*Julia.* —The name of her that
Did you such service, and then you may more
Justly expect mine, for my part I can
Allow you but one Mistress at a time.

*Marc.* Madam, if you design me by cruelty
For death, let me not mistake some kindness
In your words to keep me longer in pain.
Oh speak my fate, for doubt is worse than death.
You'll prove unkind if you pronounce my death,
Yet more kind by speaking to finish life and pain.

*Jul.* Sure despair is the worst vice of the Brave.
Well, to be short, I will make
This agreement with you, pursue no more
Questions nor any further inquiry
At this time, and I promise suddenly
To grant the satisfaction you desire.
And may Heaven grant that knowledge don't increase
Those torments which we both conceive in ignorance.

[ *Jul.* Governess *exeunt.*

*Marc.* Well, I submit, 'tis more generous to say, I obey my Mistress, than necessity, and 'tis better far to stand still, than march after love, when it moves like a wandring fire.
Left the poor Traveller goes more astray
In a blind Moonless light, and unknown way.

[ *Marc.* Serv. *exeunt.*

*Enter* Lorenzo, *in the Town.*

*Lor.* Sure my Servant is lost, as well as his poor Master. Oh how I rack my mind to know who this fair Creature is! perhaps to my greater torment, for some small hope hovers about me in my ignorance, which will take wing and upon information leave me.

[ *Enter* Vincentio.

Well, who is she? speak—hold—upon your life forbear, your look foretells misfortune.

*Vinc.* Pray Sir, shall I tell you, or shall I not tell you?

*Lor.* If your relation be good, stay not a moment, but if fatal, let it remain in everlasting silence—yet I must hear, come who is she?

*Vinc.*

*Vinc.* Nay Sir, be not so passionate, for I can neither kill you, nor save you.

*Lor.* Slave be quick, who is she?

*Vinc.* Pray Sir be satisfied, heaven and St. *Peter* knows for me.

*Lor.* Wretch, dost thou not know? why dost thou keep me thus in pain? speak or for ever hold thy tongue, who is she?

*Vin.* Sir, in short I dogg'd her, but she was too nimble for me, she was mingled with so many in the Church, that I could not distinguish her.

*Lor.* Villain thou lyest; I will kill thee, and write fool in thy blood, what, not distinguish her? villain thou lyest, 'tis impossible, a bright circle alwayes crowns her face, her vail was all illustrated, as clouds gilded by the Suns darted beams, her breath would discover her at distance, as spices in blossom betray *Arabia* to approaching Travellers. Roses grow for ever where she treads, and nature paints her footsteps: not know her, not distinguish her! Impudent sot; recollect, and tell me you know her.

*Vinc.* Hey-day: here's brave alteration in my Master: truly Sir, to speak the truth, I have a great cold, and so perhaps could not smell her, and then my eyes are very weak, and cannot look against so much light; as for Roses I saw none. Ladies servants, and their servants servants look not with the same eyes. Perhaps 'tis alwayes Summer, and hot weather when you see her, but it was Winter by that time I drew near to her.

*Lor.* Yes, by your stay it seemed so; march before, and lead me to her; or ——

*Vinc.* Lord Sir, what do you mean? have a little patience, and she may come by this way again. Vespers were almost done when I came to you: but—see your enemy *Marcello* is just going into his house.

*Lor.* I would it were his grave, but I will shortly send him or my self thither.

*Vinc.* Sir pray look that way—I think I spy the same Lady coming, yes 'tis she, now I see the light about her face, yes I smell the roses, and see them blush, and peep under her Petticoat.

*Lor.* 'Tis she—I know my murdress is at hand by inward bleeding. My heart beats vehemently, and my blood presses

with haſte through lifes flood-gates: love which animates all creatures, abates my courage, when I have moſt need of it. I cannot ſpeak to her, and yet I muſt.

*Enter* Camilla *and Governeſs.*

*Cam.* *Lorenzo* is here, alas I tremble
To meet the Man I love. I know he ſtares
To learn who I ſhould be, and where I live.
'Tis only ignorance can make him kind,
For knowledge would extinguiſh his devotion.
He comes this way, be ſure you diſcover
Nothing of me to his ſervant. [*aſide to her Governeſs.*

*Lor.* Madam
Grant me the favour of ſome few minutes,
To tell you that you have kill'd me, and ſav'd
My enemy; pray pardon the roughneſs
Of my unpractis'd love, born in a ſtorm
And yet wrapt up in its clouds and darkneſs.
Oh tell me I beſeech you who you are,
That were ſo kind to my foe *Marcello.*

*Cam.* Sir, I ſhould venture more to ſave the life
Of good *Marcello*; and ſince time and place
Hinder me from offering long prayers
To you, let me beg one boon on my knees
If you can love [*ſhe ſtops her kneeling.*

*Lor.* Madam, I beg of you
Not to abuſe your ſupplicant; O Death!
She names the villainous *Marcello* with affection,
And calls him good, but in death I ſhould be
Charitable, pray name your boon that I
May grant it.

*Cam.* May good heaven bleſs *Lorenzo*
For this mercy; be kind to *Marcello*
And then ——

*Lor.* Curſt expreſſion! each ſyllable [*aſide.*
Proves a poynard, and ſtabs me to the heart.
*Marcello* is my rival; Dear Madam
Pronounce thoſe words again to make me happy,
If there be happineſs for me in death. [*He ſtands muſing.*

Gov.

*Gov.* Come Charge, let us go.

*Vinc.* Hold, hold, you have not proved your self a woman yet, and discovered who your Lady is.

*Gov.* But you have declared your self a Serving-man by that question, What are you? your masters forlorn hope? sent out to skirmish with the enemy, and then retreat to the main body.

*Vinc.* I never heard the Sutlers wife, or the Laundress call her self part of the Army before.

*Gov.* Saucebox, I believe your empty belly, and foul Linnen put these words into your mouth; come Charge let's go and not expose our selves thus in the street.

*Cam.* I go with great regret, but must retire,
Farewell *Lorenzo*, and be kind to me. [*he starts.*

*Lor:* By heavens I am astonished and scarce know
Where, and who I am! O stay a little
And hear my last petition, pray tell me
Who you are, so cruel to *Lorenzo*
And so kind to your *Marcello*; Whom now
I must for ever hate, for what can move
A man so much, as his lost fame and love?

*Cam.* O speak not such ill omens, for kind heaven
Will bring us safe out of our labyrinth.
I go *Lorenzo*, but will soon find time
To see you, and make my self more happy,
If now you'l promise me to retire
Without observing me.

*Lor.* Well, I promise
Since it pleases you, to torment my self:
And be tormented by my ignorance.

*Cam.* 'Tis best, for knowledge would my hopes destroy,
His hatred is so inveterate against any of
Our house: Farewell Sir. [*Exeunt Cam. Gov.*

*Lor.* Farewell my Visionary Mistress; for I neither know who, nor what Essence thou art; like *Ixion*, I did fancy a Goddess, but embrac'd a cloud. Sirrah what were they we discours'd with just now?

*Vinc.* Two Women, without doubt Sir.

*Lor.* 'Tis false, impudence, are your sure you talked with any woman?

*Vinc.* I am ſure mine was a true Woman, by her way of ſpeaking.

*Lor.* 'Tis ſtrange that I ſhould thus forget my ſelf, to lay open my follies before my ſervant: hurried with new paſſions of love, and jealouſie. *Marcello* is my Rival and my Foe. My Rival—— 'tis enough—— it is decreed. I will forthwith to his houſe, and kill him: no place ſhall ſave him, not the Court, nor Duke; nor Houſhold gods; no bright apparition ſhall reſcue him from death the ſecond time. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Marcello *and* Camilla *in their houſe.*

*Cam.* Brother, are you reſolv'd to go to night?

*Mar.* Yes Dear Siſter, my horſes are ready.

*Cam.* When ſhall I ſee you again? *Mar.* To Morrow.

*Cam.* I am ſorry you go; pray have a care
Of your ſelf. *Lorenzo* you know is much
Enrag'd, and ſeeks after you *Mar.*—Fear nothing
Siſter, *Lorenzo* is honourable.
His greateſt fury can ſuggeſt nothing
That is unworthy of a Nobleman.
To day I met him, and I will tell you
At more leaſure what wondrous providence
Diverted his rage, and divided us.

*Cam.* My Brother little thinks, I know the thing [*aſide.*
So well, which he pretends to hide.—But yet
Brother, laſt nights dream diſturbs me. Methoughts
A young Gentleman of that houſe kill'd you,
And I in juſt revenge ſtabb'd *Lorenzo.*
Ye both lay dead upon the ground, and then
Roſe up, and like the deareſt Friends embrac'd.
But that muſt ſignifie the other world.

*Mar.* Dreams are but the Echo's of the thoughts
Poſſeſs your mind by day. —a lively mark
Of your great concern for me, for which I thank
My loving Siſter. [Enter *Albricio.*

*Alb.* Sir, *Lorenzo* whom I never ſaw here before, with angry looks and haſty words, bids me tell you that he muſt ſpeak with you.

*Cam.* Oh my Brother!

*Mar.*

*Marc.* 'Tis fortunate Sister to have him here, I hope he comes prepared to hear me speak: retire Sister, whilest I introduce him.

*Cam.* I will withdraw, but overhear you both. [*Ex. Cam.*

Marcello *going to the door meets* Lorenzo.

*Marc.* *Lorenzo* most welcome, you oblige me
And my house for ever, by this favour.
*Lor.* *Marcello* you mistake, I hate both you,
And your loath'd house. I desire no welcome,
But come hither like thy evil Genius
To terrifie thee, and bid thee meet me
In such a place, where chance shall not part us.
*Marc.* I cannot fear it in *Lorenzo*'s shape,
Who rather should command my love, than fear,
If he could bridle passion, and conquer
His better reason, and the Dukes command.
*Lor.* Oh thou Rock under smooth waters! thou shalt
Never deceive me, thou base enemy,
Best able to kill at distance, and to
Murder me by whispers. *Marc.* You wrong me much,
I hate the wretch as much as you, who can
Deserve this character. I would in my
Own house be calm, and make my plea
To these false objections. *Lor.* —as true, as thou art false.
Now I find in thee a vice, I ever
Thought thee free from, I mean base cowardise,
Which springs from guilt; thou understand'st my rage,
And its just cause, yet would'st by oily smoothness
Loosen my hold if thou hast any fear,
I will raise it by the remembrance
Of thy Mistress, who sav'd thee from my revenge
To-day, 'tis here I have too, yet that
Shall never buy my friendship. *Marc.* 'Tis enough,
You have broke for me all ties of honour,
And good manners. *Lorenzo*, be gone,
My house is your best defence, pray leave it,
Your last words will force me to imitate
Your rudeness. *Lor.* I will not go without you,

I came.

I came to fetch you out, and punish you.

*Marc.* It is in vain by calmness to flatter
His proud insolency any longer.
I have been tame too long, and that my wrong'd
Love and honour may have their quick revenge
Upon thee, beyond the reach of casual
Assistance to save thee, name some secret place
Where we may meet, if thou dar'st come,
Early to morrow morning. *Lor. Marcello*
For this kindness, if I find it real,
I must thank thee: in nothing else thou can'st
Oblige *Lorenzo* —well— by Sun-rising
To morrow, let us meet at the great Oak
In the Neighb'ring Forest, till then —Farewell.

*Marc.* Let not my passion spoil civility,
I will see you safe out of my own doors.

*Lor.* Forbear your ceremonies, I hate them
From you, like him that uses them, it seems
As recantation of your former words. [*Ex. Lor.*

*Mar.* You might accept them now, for I will shew you none to morrow. I dare not tell my Sister what has pass'd betwixt us. [*Enter* Camilla.
Here she comes, I will prevent her questions by telling her my story first; *Camilla* I am glad that all things will be soon compos'd between *Lorenzo*, and my self; for he came very kindly to propose a conference to morrow, where we shall upon the debate grow more calm, I hope for ever; and that my propos'd affair may not hinder me, I must take my leave, and be gone. Dear Sister Farewell, and wish me good success.

[*Exit Marcello.*

*Cam.* May all that is good preserve my dear Brother. He's gone, and now my eyes shall freely speak [illegible]. He thinks he has deceiv'd me, and that I did not over-[illegible] fatal allignation, I will retire to my Chamber, and consider how to save them both. [*Exit Cam.*

*Enter* Paulina *and* Lucinda *in a Garden.*

*Pauli. Lucinda*, your father is so brisk and vigorous of late, that he seems to have dropt Twenty years of his life.

*Luc.*

*Luc.* Yes Madam, he has been fortifying himself these three months to my knowledge, that he might appear brisk upon this day of admission.

*Pau.* Prithee pay more respect to the old Gentleman before your Mother-in-law, he always appear'd cheerful though not to this degree.

*Luc.* Well Madam, if you have a mind to be my Mother-in-Law, 'tis you will have the worst of it, not I.

*Pau.* Why so merry Cousin?

*Luc.* Because after a very little time my Father must return to rheum and spitting-sheet, and then how will you away with it? I love an old man well enough for a Father, but not for a husband.

*Paul.* Pray Cousin let us reason it, such an old man as your Father, or my late husband, would make you an excellent match, come think of it *Lucinda*, it might prove most proper, his gravity to allay your levity, his cold your heat, as we correct Wine with Water.

*Luc.* Out upon it! I would not have an old man, though he made me a joynture of the *Indies*, though he built me a house of Silver, and turn'd a rich stream of golden *Tagus* to wash my garden walls, though he could afford me *Cleopatra*'s draughts every morning, I should find out another *Antony*.

*Paul.* O brave Girle, had you rather venture a young mans frolicks?

*Luc.* Yes, rather than to lye by an old man, 'tis lying with a Coffin, and I am sure you had rather lye by a certain young man than my father.

*Pau.* Why do you think so Cousin? an old man is a very wise bosome friend, whom long use of life has polish'd, from whom you may learn the wisest rules to methodize your self.

*Luc.* Very good, you advise me to marry an old man, that is to say an history incarnate, true Annals writ upon a Skeleton; and what then, go to bed with this rotten Chronicle? no he shall lye cover'd with Cobwebs first. I don't intend to embalm matrimonial mummy, to spoile the Apothecary's trade, and fill my Closet with gally-pots. [ Enter *Nurse*.

*Nur.* Madam, Seignior *Paulo* desires to speak with you.

*Pau.*

*Pau.* Well, I will go wait upon my Cousin, 'tis to give my approbation to the design of his musick he presents us with to night at Supper. Cousin farewell, and think more charitably of an Old husband. [*Ex. Paulina.*

*Nuarc. Antonio* is just come to the back door, and I have got my Mistres's luckily away.

*Lucinda.* Pray bring him into this walk, pray make haste, and I will give you the best gown I have.

*Nuar.* I go, I go to serve you both. [*Ex. Nuarcha.*

*Lucin.* I know there is no danger of the Widows marrying my Father, though she carries it so demurely; she has a greater longing after my dear *Antonio*, and my love is not without some hope; for though he seems to court the Widow, yet his looks and words may be as well interpreted to me, I wish my supposition proves true.

*Enter* Antonio *with* Nuarcha *to* Lucinda.

*Ant.* Madam, this happiness you confer upon me is more than any past or future service can repay: pray Madam let me know the honour of your commands, that I may express some thanks by readiness to obey them.

*Lucin.* Sir you shall know them presently, they concern both you and my self: good *Nuarcha*, oblige me in observing my Cousin and Father's motion, that I may not be surprized talking with *Antonio*.

*Nuar.* Well, dear heart, I will, I go most willingly, for a hundred to one but they will talk about my Mistresses affection to *Antonio*, which amorous discourse will so heat my desires, that they will exceed moderation: well goodly Couple farewell, I dare trust you both.

*Ant.* Ah *Lucinda*, give me leave to speak, and whilest there is time to undeceive you, by all that is good you should believe: you are the design of my true love, and the Widow but the Shadow of the Picture to cheat the eyes of the beholder.

*Lucin. Antonio*, you mistake, I am not she you mean, I am *Lucinda* and not the Widow, 'tis she has ever had the appearance of your love by words and actions, which bid her judge it real. But I wish with all my heart he means what he speaks. [*Aside.*

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Let this propitious hour be for ever blest, in affording me time to express my heart.

*Lucin.* Well, well, you are a merry man to wheedle your discourse on me, against my Cousins coming.

*Ant.* Madam, do you think I want eyes and ears to distinguish the beauty, and wit of *Lucinda*?

*Luc.* But to be serious, the only way to procure your Widow, is by keeping off my Father; who in speaking dutifully of him seems in the Autumn of his life to pretend a second Spring: I will assure you your Rival is very brisk with her; therefore pray Court your Widow to the purpose, and give her greater assurance of you, that my Father may be diverted from clapping me into a Nunnery; and that is the end of my giving you this trouble. Would to God I could tell him plainly that I love him. [*aside.*

*Ant.* Oh *Lucinda*, be not so cruel as to condemn me to new pains; for this falsehood of pretended love is as great a torment to me, as a mistake in you; rather command me to own my love before your Father, and the Widow.

*Lucin.* No, pray Court on, upon discovery *Lucinda* must forthwith march into a Nunnery, I believe you will hardly free her from it without her Portion.

*Ant.* Dearest *Lucinda* do not think so basely of your Lover, that the spirit of his love so much delights in dross and earth. I love not *Lucinda* as the Heiress of her Father; but for the inestimable dowry of her Virtue and Beauty: I have enough left me by my Ancestors, and fortune would be prodigal, to grant me *Lucinda* to command me and it.

*Lucin.* These words will make be believe former passages, that he is real, I must confess. [*aside.*
—Well, you are a pleasant man, yet I think it would prove better for me to think of a Nunnery, and its happy quiet, than of launching into a troublesome world, and Domestick Employment, if it were not for one thing——

*Ant.* What is that *Lucinda*?

*Lucin.* Why it must out—if it were not for—my *Antonio*.

*Ant.* Oh pronounce those blessed words again, lest it passes for a dream of happiness.

*Luc.* Nay, I am glad 'tis out, but if it had not been for fear of Nunnery and Hair-cloth, I had held out longer: yet you

must Court the Widow, as you used to do, the next time you see her.

*Ant.* For heaven sake do not relapse, I am weary of the cheat: I must acknowledge the truth, this unkindness suggests as if you did not love me; for Lovers like the Deity hate to have their dues offered to an Idol.

*Lucin.* But as your love me, continue it for a while, I warrant you for some handsome Plot to discover all in a little time.

*Enter* Nuarcha.

*Nuar.* Madam, your Father and my Lady are coming, pray set your self in order.

*Enter* Paulo *and* Paulina.

*Paulo.* How now! what do I see? is not that a young man, and that my daughter?

*Nuar.* Yes Sir, and a handsome young man too, he happened to come by, when the Garden door was open, and being delighted with the beauty of the place, I invited him in, as one not unknown to my Lady.

*Paulin.* Good Sir be disturb'd at nothing, he is a Gentleman of my acquaintance, I am glad that any thing here has obliged his stay: and that my Cousin was here so luckily to entertain him.

*Anto.* Madam, I need not fear to come off in the old Gentlemans opinion, having so good an Advocate.

*Paulo.* Umph, Advocate, and old Gentleman! no more old Gentleman than your self, for years do not bring age, but debauchery of youths and fuckr Jacks as you are. Come Saucebox, can you jump as I can? come, the old Gentleman, as you call him, shall try your activity. *he jumps.*

*Ant.* How zealously this old Gentleman, like some sort of lovers, acts one thing and is another, declaiming against youth, yet mimicking its gayety!

*Paulo.* Young fellow there — leave off your prating, and try if your back can bear jumping as mine does; prethee sweet Widow don't mind his prating, but observe this tryal of skill.

*Lucin.*

*Lucid.* Pray Madam, speak to my Father to have a care of straining.

*Paulo.* How is that, you Saucy baggage, I abuse your Fathers back to his face, that was one cause of bringing you into the world? get you gone you undutiful slut, to abuse the spring of your being.

*Ant.* O allah, what must your influence and virtue be, which can thus change nature, and metamorphise old age into brisk youth?

*Paulin.* But the victory is greater which conquers the stronger, and settles youthful wandring youth within the sober bounds of constancy.

*Paulo.* Come troublesome Companion, if you will have all prating and no jumping, pray leave this Lady and prattle with that young Flirt there. I'll warrant her I shall punish her within few dayes for impiously throwing dirt upon my back.

*Ant.* Madam, since at this time this old Gentleman will be your only Guardian, pardon me if I am forc't to play the hypocrite.

*Paulo.* Well Rag-manners forbear your flouting, or you shall take what follows. And be satisfied that this Lady is otherwise disposed of.

*Ant. Lucinda*, it certainly foretells good luck that I have so easily obtained your Fathers consent to Court you.

*Lucin.* But what would become of us if either of them imagined the plot betwixt us?

*Ant.* Faith, I will directly discover it.

*Lucin.* Yes, yes, throw me into a Nunnery, and then see how you can get me out: pray at this time break up company, lest it seems too much familiarity at first sight, I will contrive to see you again before midnight.

*Ant.* Well I will obey you in all things — Madam I must beg your pardon for my rude intrusion, and yours Antient Sir, if I have given you any occasion of trouble.

*Paulo.* Well Sir, we thank you as much for your room as your company. Antient say you? — Widow pray give him his farewell.

*Paulina. Antonio*, I am sorry my circumstances will not permit me to discover how much I value you: but be assured that you shall be alwayes welcome to any place, which calls me Mistress.

*Ant.* Madam, your most obedient Servant, I wish I might in this place plainly express the truth of my affection. With your Fathers good leave *Lucinda* let me be esteemed your most faithful Servant. *Exit Ant.*

*Paulin. Paulo*, what think you of him, is he not a most accomplished Gentleman?

*Paulo.* No, no, very indifferent, a meer flash, come put him out of your head. Let's go in, the air grows cold.

*[Exeunt Omnes.*

# ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter *Marcello, Circumstantio* in the Town.

*Cir.* MY Master has I must confess above my merits honoured me with a Commission to wait upon you, and kiss your noble hands, the which Province I embrace with an eminent Exaltation of joy, since you are a person of such illustrious honour that *Florence* scarce contains your equal, I am sure not your Superiour, which is no small symptom of my Masters piercing wit and more distinguishing Judgement, that have made so Excellent a choice.

*Mar.* You'll never leave your Rhetorick.

*Cir.* The subject needs it not, your vast merits afford so ample a Field of Discourse, that with Excessive pleasure I could wander in those delightful paths, but at the present I am too strictly bound by my Masters too hasty expectation of my too quick Return.

*Mar.* Prithee to the point if you be in haste, for I am so.

*Cir.* I shall be brief, for brevity, though I must confess it does too often obstruct the ravishing torrents of an eloquent and charming tongue, yet in quick dispatch of business I hold it necessary, and therefore I shall proceed.

*Mar.* I must be gon else, what would *Antonio* have?

*Cir.* You being a person strictly allied to him by firm necessitude, and bound to him by the indissoluble knot of an inviolable Friendship, and being a person to whom he is *mul'is nominibus obstrictus.*

*Mar.* What would he have with me?

*Cir.*

*Cir.* He being also a person enterrak'd with an amorous Intrigue, well may I say embarrass'd for *res est ardua vetus amoris amor*, as the Poet sings sweetly, but *Antonio* being a person ——

*Mar.* That would speak with me, when and where?

*Cir.* I shall inform you, he being a person who not only having great proclivity to that amorous passion, but being driven by the violence of her beauty whose Image he wears upon his heart, she being a person ——

*Mar.* —— Ounds is she a person too, nay then farewel.

*Cir.* Hold good Sir, and hear the end.

*Mar.* S'death you will never come to an end.

*Cir.* She being a person ——

*Mar.* —— I will not stay if she be a person.

*Cir.* I am astonished Sir at your impatience, would you have me speak vulgarly and abruptly, and in haste like a Nurse-keeper that is sent for *Aqua-vitæ*?

*Mar.* I am going out of Town, I shall return and wait upon your Master to morrow.

*Cir.* Hear me first, I shall be concise, for I am a person ——

*Mar.* —— You a person? nay then farewel a pox on your person.

*Enter* Marcello's *man* Albricio.

*Albric.* I am much mistaken Sir, if your unknown Mistress be not coming this way —— and if it be she, I saw her come out of *Lorenzo*'s house: She's here.

*Enter* Julia *and Governess.*

*Mar.* What do I hear? Madam I know your person, And yet I know not what to call you, Unless it be *Lorenzo*'s Mistress.

*Julia.* Jealousie is sometimes a sign of great love, But alwayes of little wit.

*Mar.* I see then you will own it, Has my so violent passion deserv'd your scorn?

*Julia.* Jealous and angry too! nay then I'm sure You are fast enough i'th' toyle.

*Mar. Lorenzo* has employed you then To set your beauteous snares to draw me in, Then prey on me. This is most exquisite revenge.

*Julia.* You are confident I am *Lorenzo*'s Mistress, Because the Lady who spoke to him to day Is yours.

*Mar.*

*Mar.* On my honour I know her not,
But I am sure, you came but now
Out of *Lorenzo's* house.

*Cir.* Shall I not accomplish my Embassie to you?

*Mar.* Pox on thee, begon Impertinent. — *Albricio* know the Fools Message if you can finde out.

*Julia.* What luck is this he should discover it — [*aside.*
I visited his Sister who was bred in the
Same Nunnery with me, and whom I love
Equally with my self.

*Mar.* If this be all, I may be happy yet.

*Julia. Lorenzo* is the man on earth I would not have,
I hate his stubborn and invererate humour,
If he were sole Monarch of the Universe
I would not marry him, but if my too forward
Care of you will make you jealous, you
Shall have less of it hereafter.

*Mar.* O say not so, I had rather my good Angel
Should neglect me, and hover about my
Enemy.

*Julia.* Were there no other man in *Florence*, he
Should never have my love.
A Bark that's tos'd by Tempests on a Rock
Were safer than a woman cast on him.

*Mar.* Dear beauteous vision, for yet I know not
What to call you, I am convinc'd
You would refuse his love, and were I sure
You would accept of mine.

*Julia.* You are not sure I am worthy of it.

*Mar.* Thou art worthy of the love of Princes.
The greatest *Hero* that the earth e're bare
In thee might meet the end of all ambition.

*Julia.* Suppose I were one of *Lorenzo's* Kindred.

*Mar.* Were thou his Sister, I would headlong fly
Into thy Arms, though he were at my back
Ready to give me the malicious blow
He long has wish'd me.

*Jul.* How I admire and love his generous nature! [*aside.*

*Mar.* By this plain declaration I deserve
Thou shouldst reveal thy self, and make me happy.

For

For whoſoe're thou art, by Heaven I ſwear
My life and love to thee ſhall end together.
I am ſure thou'rt good, for nature would not ſlubber ſo
To place an evil mind in ſuch a body.

*Julia.* Your Generoſity has ſo oblig'd me
That the next meeting, which I will contrive
As ſoon as may be, you ſhall know my name:
Let it ſuffice at preſent to inform you
My vertue is unqueſtion'd, and my birth
And fortune too may claim the good *Marcello.*

*Mar.* Life of my ſoul, here let me ſeal my vows.

*Cir.* The Naturaliſts obſerve ——

*Albr.* —— What have I to do with your Naturals, what would your Maſter have with mine?

*Cir.* I am confounded, that I ſhould draw my breath in ſo unlearn'd an Age!

*Albr.* Where is your Maſter?

*Cir.* I cannot ſay affirmatively what place does circumſcribe him, I ſuppoſe you hold with *Ariſtotle*, that *locus eſt ſuperficies.*

*Albr.* Pox on *Ariſtotle*, where's your Maſter?

*Cir. Paulina*'s Manſion did contain him locally, for *Corpus* muſt alwayes be *in loco*, that's certain, but at this preſent point of time I can only ſay indefinitely he is not at home.

*Albr.* Farewell, a pox of this ſtuff. Sir, I cannot underſtand one Sentence that he ſayes.

*Julia.* I ſee *Lorenzo* coming up that ſtreet.
Now if you would have me believe one word
You ſpeak; avoid him quickly.

*Mar.* I am all obedience, Joy of my life farewell.

*Cir.* Will you not lend your ears for one ſmall moment?

*Mar.* Damn you impertinent Raſcal.

[*Exeunt* Julia, Marcello *and* Albricio.

*Cir.* The world is envious of my parts I ſee,
There's no man truly honour'd while he lives.
I will write ſomething, *Quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis,*
And then I'll dye and purchaſe true renown. [*Ex. Cir.*

*Enter* Camilla *and* Govern. *in the Town.*

*Cam.* Diſſwade me not, I am reſolv'd to venture
Through all the dangers Cowards can imagine.

*Gov.* Conſult your honour and my ſafety Madam.

As gentle as *Marcello* is, he would revenge
Your love adventures upon him.

*Cam.* Fear not.
I will protect thee and defend his life,
Or perish with him, 'tis no time to dally
With his or with my fov'd *Lorenzo*'s Mercy.
I'll save my honour too, or lose my life.
Go to *Lorenzo*'s house, and let him know
I am here to speak with him.

*Gov.* Consider Madam.

*Cam.* I prethee lay thy tedious wisdom by,
We must have desperate remedies for this ill.
If thou dit preserve my life, I do conjure thee
To do as I appoint thee.

*Enter* Lorenzo *and* Vincentio.

*Gov.* Here he comes.
Put a strict guard upon your honour now
And let not love find out its weaknesses.

*Cam.* My honour's safe, he sees me not. [*Aside.*

*Lor.* Revenge,
Thou art my Deity, to thee I pay
My vows and off'rings, Oh curs'd *Marcello*
To morrows Sun shall see thy treacherous heart
Throbbing within this hand. Oh Heavens who's this?
My Genius come to stop the lawful rage
Of this avenging Arm? It is her shape
The motion too of her Celestial body.

*Cam. puts her self before him.*

*Vinc.* I know her by her Governess my Mistress.

*Lor.* Fair unknown Saint of all my vows, to thee
The dear protectress of my life and fortune
I humbly kneel, and from thy powerful doom
Expect my life or death. If thou'lt be kind,
I will look down upon and pity Kings,
If not, the miserablest slave may pity me.

Vinc. *speaks to her Governess kneeling.*

*Vinc.* Fair unknown Saint of all my vows, to thee
I humbly kneel Protectress of my fate,
Put up this Cloud and shine upon thy servant.

*Gov.* Whose Fool art thou?

*Vinc.* I am *Lorenzo*'s, pray whose Fool art thou?
It is a secret I would gladly know.

*Gov.*

*Gov.* I ſhall never be thy Fool, that is, thy wife.

*Vin.* Break, break diſtracted heart, there is no cure.

*Cam.* Sir, you ask pity of me who needs it more.

*Lor.* Pray mock me not, ſuch beauty ſtand in need
Of pity? 'tis impoſſible, you may
Give law to all that ſee you, and thoſe wretches
That once could diſobey you ought to be
Caſt out from all humane Society,
And left to the company of Bears and Wolves.

*Cam.* Oh were theſe words the dictates of your heart,
I ſhould be happy.

*Lor.* By all the joyes of Heaven
They are, I ſwear on your fair hand, except
You intercede for vile *Marcello*'s life.
There's no command of yours I'd not obey,
I'd ſingly ſtand a breach, leap into fire
Or mount a billow when the foaming Sea
Is moſt enrag'd with tempeſts: I for you
Would ſcorn all danger, but the loſs of honour
I cannot bear.

*Cam.* Nor could I e're eſteem
One that would hazard that; but to be juſt
And honourable, you ſhould end this fewd.
'Tis the moſt brutal cuſtome of our Countrey
For Families to fight they know not why:
Beaſts are more civil, for they never quarrel
But for neceſſity of nature: Good *Marcello*
Is willing to contract a Friendſhip with you,
And would on that condition give his Siſter
Who's young, and they who have ſeen her ſay ſhe's fair,
And all conclude her rich and vertuous,
This Siſter he would give in marriage to you.

*Lor.* How! marry one of his accurſed Race?
I'd ſooner take one ſick of the Plague and keep
My Nuptials in a Peſt-houſe. There's no yoke
Which the moſt ſavage Tyrant could impoſe
I would not ſooner bow my ſervile neck to.

*Cam.* Ah what hope
Poor loſt *Camilla* now remains for thee! [*Aſide.*

*Lor.* But for the life of baſe *Marcello* Madam

You are the most improper Orator,
Can a scorn'd Lover hear his cruel Mistress
Pleading for his successful, hated Rival,
And not be more enrag'd against him for't?
*Cam.* He never yet by words or signs made love,
To me upon my honour. —— Heaven I fear
I shall reveal too much. [*aside.*
*Lor.* It is too plain you love him. Oh Devil.
With what patience can I reflect on that,
And let him live an hour?
*Cam.* He has my esteem because I think him generous,
And he's beside a Friend to our Family,
My love he ne're shall have: But 'tis as plain
You have a Mistress who staid his arm from you.
*Lor.* No Lady e're could touch my heart but you,
May Thunder strike me dead if e're I lov'd
Before I saw your all commanding beauty,
Which I am resolv'd to perish, or deserve,
If all the service of my life can do it.
*Cam.* If you desire to make me credit you,
Meet not *Marcello* in the wood to morrow.
*Lor.* Hah, has his fear made him betray the place,
And time of Assignation, where I was
T' enjoy my enemy? What riddle's this?
Can you be so concern'd, and yet not love him?
*Cam.* It is your safety Sir which I consult,
Make me not blush to tell the cause of this.
*Lor.* If this be true, as I will ne'r distrust
The words so fair a mouth as yours shall utter,
Say but the cause is love, and tell me who
You are. ——— let my lips dwell upon this hand for ever.
*Cam.* My birth and fortune equal yours,
My honour's yet unblemisht in a thought.
If I can love a man on earth 'tis you.
*Gov.* Madam, this is too much, we must be gone.
*Lor.* Peace Screech-Owle, or by Heaven I'll strike thee dead
With Curses. Oh let me hear those Sacred words
Once more, that I may think I dream not.
*Cam.* I have said too much to one who loves so little.
*Lor.* Little! ——— the vertuous love not heaven so much.

They

They know as little of it too, as I
Of you my Heaven.

*Gov.* Thou art as impertinent and as inquisitive with me as thy hot-headed Master is with my Mistress.

*Vinc.* Perhaps you may be as handsome, and I may have as much reason. Oh let thy splendid face break out upon me sweet, and I will be as full of raptures as my Master. [*veil.*

*Gov.* You'l soon be satisfied; as for example. [*he puts up her*

*Vinc. Benedicite*, I am satisfied thou hast punisht me enough. By heaven a *Succubus*: Thou Scare-crow to preserve that goodly fruit.

*Gov.* Sawcy fellow, I hope my face deserves better than yours.

*Vinc.* If e're I trouble thee with love again, maist thou confound me, and consent.

*Cam.* Grant me but this requeſt, and on my honour
Next enterview which shall be suddain, you
Shall know my name.

*Lor.* How is my nature lost, how soft I'm grown!
By heaven I cannot disappoint my enemy,
And yet by all the sacred powers above
I never can deny thee ought. —But yet my honour.

*Cam.* False Braves alone are jealous of their honour,
The true are still assur'd they cannot lose it.
Or grant me this, or I'll conclude you love
So little, 'twill not be worth my seeing you again,
And I will ne'r attempt it.

*Lor.* Say not so.
My life, my honour, all I have is yours,
You shall dispose of all, and I'll obey you.
I will not meet him, though I had much rather
See him in opposition with his Sword
Than have the faireſt Lady but your self
Within my arms in dalliance.

*Cam.* Strange passion of revenge! and I'll not trust it.
I have another way yet to prevent their meeting.
Since you are pleas'd to promise you'll not meet,
I take my leave for a short space of time.

*Lor.* Why should we ever part?

*Cam.* It must be now.

*Lor.* Firſt let me kiss thy hand, once more, again, again,
Why should I ever leave it?

*Cam.* Farewell my good *Lorenzo*, I was laying Dear *Lorenzo*.
Hold, if you dog me, I'll never see you more. } *Vinc. ready*
*Gov.* Farewell Todpool, Toad, Monkey. } *to dog her.*
*Vinc.* Farewel Hag, Night-mare, Scarecrow, Mawkin, &c.
[*Ex. Cam. Gov.*

*Lor.* Heaven, with what pangs she leaves my soul!
That in its last flight will not leave my body
In half so bad.
Methinks she tears my heart-strings, as she goes,
I feel her pulling at 'em. But what, have
I promised not to meet my enemy;
To lose my honour and revenge for one
I know not? I was not my self, my madness
Made it. Perhaps she may be one
That's prostituted to the vile *Marcello*.
By heaven I lye, it cannot be, she is
Divine, the Saints we pray to are not half
So beautiful, or holy. [*Enter a Messenger with a Letter.*

*Mess.* Are you *Lorenzo*?

*Lor.* I am.

*Mess.* *Marcello* sends you this;
I lye, but 'tis no matter, I am well paid for lying, and I believe
'tis for pimping too. [*aside.*

*Lor.* reads. *My mind is changed, and I will meet this night at eight by the Great Oak in the neighbouring wood, 'tis Moon-light. If I hear not from you, I will conclude that you consent to it.*

Marcello.

*Mess.* What answer Sir?

*Lor.* There needs none, there's something for you. [*Ex. Mess.*
Lucky above my wishes,
I only promis'd not to meet to morrow,
I am free, and I will haste to my revenge. [*Enter* Julia.
Sister whither are you going?

*Julia.* No further, I came to meet you at your coming in.

*Lor.* *Julia* I have news for you.

*Julia.* What's that dear Brother?

*Lor.* I have appointed time and place to meet
My mortal enemy *Marcello*, and suddenly
All our vexatious Quarrels will be ended.
I know the bravery of thy spirit makes thee

Have

Hate that curst sex, and shou'd deceive
With me.

*Julia.* Heaven send a good end.

*Lor.* Do not distrust my courage or my fortune.

*Julia.* When and where, is this meeting to be? [*aside.*
Oh my *Marcello!*

*Lor.* Hah, she sighs, I must not trust her tenderness,
Inquire no more, 'twill not be long.

*Julia.* I see a paper in his pocket, perhaps it contains
The appointment: forgive my theft. [*aside.*
When e're you meet may heaven preserve my [*To him.*
Dearest brother. [*She embraces him and takes the note out of his pocket.*

*Lor.* Thanks my *Julia*, let's in.

*Julia* reads. What's this? *To night in the neighbouring wood by the great Oak.* Heaven, how shall I find this out. —Hold, I shall be observed. [*Ex. Lorenzo* and *Julia.*

*Enter* Antonio *and* Lucinda *in* Paulina's *house.*

*Ant.* Think Madam if *Paulina* discovers my deceit, how we shall be defeated, what e're my tongue may utter, my eyes will tell her plainly whom I love.

*Luc.* We women are vain enough to interpret all to our advantage, as perhaps I do when I believe you.

*Ant.* To put you out of doubt, this night I will contrive your escape, and to morrow a Priest and you may make me happy, I have sent to my Friend *Marcello* to be in readiness, in hope that I might perswade you to this reasonable proposal.

*Luc.* Is it reasonable then to run away with a Gentleman at the second Interview?

*Ant.* Rather than to be clapt into a Nunnery before the third Interview.

*Luc.* 'Tis fit we should try mens tempers first, and what they can bear, be coy, and use them scurvily beforehand, for they are sure to use us so afterwards.

*Ant.* Our *Italian* Marriages are made for interest, but mine with you would be for love, and to assure you of it, I could wish you were a Beggar.

*Luc.* I am like to be little better, if I marry without my Fathers consent, and he'll not give it because his paying a good portion to me may be an objection of the Widow against his Marriage.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Ah Madam, I could have you come all love and no money into my Arms. Our *Italian* Ladies in love matters use to be so wise to consider that opportunities are but few, think of a perpetual prison, Hair-smocks, Midnight Prayers, lying on Matts alone, Green Sickness, and continual Chalk-eating.

*Luc.* These are terrible things, and you being less terrible, I cast my self upon you.

*Ant.* My dear incomparable *Lucinda*!

*Luc.* None of your raptures, those are alwayes short-lived affections, that shew themselves that way.

*Ant.* My love is as immortal as my soul. [*Enter Cir.*] Oh here's my Man, what news?

*Cir.* As soon as I had received the honour of your Command, I did forthwith repair with all the haste that was decent for a *Florentine* of that Gravity and Education that I pretend to, to the house of Don *Marcello*, which I soon found at that time did not circumscribe its Master: the noble *Pater Familias* being lately sallied forth upon some important affair, which at that particle of time urged his absence from his own Mansion ——

*Ant.* Thou eternal Rogue, the presence of my Mistress saves thy life.

*Cir.* But to proceed, departing from this Mansion almost in despair

*Ant.* Rogue ——

*Cir.* Of any opportunity that might present itself of my encountring with the noble Gentleman to whom my Embassy was then addressed ——

*Ant.* Villain ——

*Cir.* I applied my self to a more gentle and deliberate motion, uncertain where I should guide my wandring steps to the attaining of my wish'd for end.

*Luc.* Most eloquent impertinence!

*Cir.* And though I must confess with anxiety enough duly weighing the emergency of your occasions, yet I could not retain my self from reflecting with pity on the erring and illiterate vulgar: who wanting the unspeakable benefit of education and literature were little better than so many two-legg'd beasts wandring up and down within the several walks of this fair Urbane Forest.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Dog, Rogue, incorrigible Rascal, there's a reward for your Damn'd Rhetorick.

*Cir.* Alas Sir, these unseemly blows do you more harm than me, in as much as they betray your want of Philosophy.

*Ant.* Again Villain. [*beats him again.*

*Cir.* Are these the Guerdons due to eloquence, which might most justly claim its wreaths of Laurel?

*Ant.* Of Laurel! wreaths of Indian Cane, which thus Sir I confer upon you.

*Luc.* Hold Sir, he is distracted, this is not the way to cure him, let him be bled and dieted.

*Cir.* Is she barbarous too?

*Ant.* Madam, I ask your pardon for the rudeness his impertinence provokes me to; but sirrah tell me what *Marcello* said to you or by Heaven I'll kill you.

*Cir.* I had indeed at last *post varios casus, post tot discrimina rerum*, a vision of *Marcello*, but he whether possest with more important thoughts, or rather diverted by an encounter with a Nymph, who is a person———

*Ant.* Well Dog, I shall not know, be gone and see my face no more.

*Enter* Albricio.

*Albr.* Sir, I beg pardon for intruding thus upon you, but my Master not being able to find out your mans meaning has sent me to know what service you would command him.

*Ant.* Desire him if possible to put off his Journey into the Countrey to night: for I have a business of the greatest consequence in the world to me, which will require his assistance.

*Albr.* I will tell him instantly. [*Ex. Albricio.*

*Cir.* What a vulgar and illiterate Fellow's this!

*Ant.* Now Madam, with the assistance of *Marcello* we safely shall escape, but do you hear Rogue, see me no more as Master.

*Enter* Nuarcha.

*Nuar.* You are alwayes cruel to my *Circumstantio*, who is a man of such excellent parts you are not worthy of him: I'll not be kind to you if you use him thus: in the mean time my Lady desires your company to attone for that of Signior *Paulo*'s.

*Luc.* I have such a design which I will tell you of, as I'll secure you shall break the marriage, I'll go first, do you follow.

*Ant.* I will Madam. *Ex. Lucinda* and *Antonio.*

*Cir.*

*Cir.* I will take every occasion by the forelock, whereby I may express my grateful resentments and my services within the narrow Sphere of my Activity.

*Nuper.* I must confess I love men of activity, but at the present I will conduct you where we may in a Corner hear *Paulo*'s Musick, and confer about our mutual affections.

*Enter* Paulo *and* Paulina.

*Paulina.* You are indeed the gayest young Gentleman of your age that I have met with.

*Paulo.* Age, pox of age, your young washy fellows are all Jades, I am tough and will hold out the matrimonial journey: young Rogues like tender plants wither presently, but I like a Bay tree am green and flourish all the Winter. Here's a body of Iron.

*Paulina.* And a face of brass. *Aside.*

*Paulo.* Faith Widow I shall be brisk with thee, I wish thou mayest be able to sustain my vigour. Hem, hem, here are lungs for thee, Hah Widow, I am in the flower of my age, come faith let's be merry ——— fa, la, la, la.

*Ah how I love thee my Widow,*
*Ah how I love thee my dear!*
*Of Rivals I soon would be rid ha*
*If thou wouldst but gracious appear.*
*Ah how I love*, &c.

I made this my self, faith I did.

*Enter* Lucinda *and after* Antonio.

*Paulina.* Very good, is there no more?

*Paulo.* *Ah how I love my* Paulina
*Ah far beyond each living thing.*
*Honest* Paulo *would make her his Queen a*
*If* Paulo *were once but a King.*
*Ah how I love*, &c.

Hum,

Hum, Ah, what fly you?

*Paulo.* O, excellent.

*Pauli.* Hah! What a Devil does this young Rogue here?

*Ant.* I am bold again to come and kiss your hands, Lovers like Ghosts, will alwayes haunt the place where their Treasure is.

*Pauli.* In the time I would not speak to any man, you did seek occasions to express a generous Passion, I was not then, nor am I now insensible of your Flame.

*Paulo.* Hah, Flame! Who's that has a flame for my Widdow? I'll burn him in his own Flame, and make a Martyr of him. Da--God, Young Fellow, I'll make thee smoke.

*Pauli.* Though, he being here, 'tis no time for Discourse, Yet, I assure you, you shall not find me ungrateful.

*Paulo.* Do you know I pretend to this Lady? and that 'tis dangerous to be a Rival to *Paulo del Campo*.

*Ant.* No indeed neither. Alas, old Gentleman, by those white Hairs I see you have one foot in the Grave, and should not think of a young Lady.

*Paulo.* Sir, I would have you know I was white at two and twenty; What can you do? What are you good for? Hem, hem; there's Lungs boy; I'll spit with you for Twenty pound: what can you do? can you vault or dance, Fa, la, la, la? I can. [*He dances.*

*Ant.* Fy, Sir, 'tis unbecoming your Gravity to dance, you are Old, and being Wise should be reserved, lest you should be found to be otherwise.

*Paulo.* Old! Thou art a decrepit young Fellow; Widow, have a care of young Sparks; all the Youth of this last Generation are but half-Gotten, born with the Rickets, knock't in the Cradle, starv'd at Nurse, basely Educated, neither with Sense, Learning, or Manners, and grow up at last to be feeble, foolish, positive, confident, idle, debauched Fellows, full of Mercury, and empty of Brains, and of no Use in the Dukedom.

*Ant.* Have a care of an old man, with whom you will have the Name of a Wife, but the Office of a Nurse.

*Paulo.* Wilt thou not change a young, hot-headed, crazy Wencher, for a sound, solid, sober Husband?

*Luc.* One that will keep home, and Sup at home, and after Bed well-warm'd, and wrought-Cap air'd, his Posset-drink turn'd off, enters his Bed, coughs thrice, and goes to sleep.

*Paulo.* Well Jade to a Nunnery to morrow, Had not a man better be ſober and civil, and go on a Carriers pace, than make a Poſt-horſe of a Wife?

*Ant.* What can thoſe Embers, thoſe Aſhes of Love be good for?

*Pauli.* A prudent, ſtay'd man in years, makes a good Huſband.

*Paulo.* Witneſs my old Friend *Ferdinand*, your late Huſband.

*Ant.* He was of middle Age; but is it fit for this young Lady to nurſe up Children with long Beards, and Infants of three Feet, to have a Deaths-head by her inſtead of a Husband every night?

*Paulo.* Doſt thou hear, canſt thou fight, Sa, ſa, ſa?

*Pauli.* Hold, that I forbid.

*Luc.* Heaven deliver me from an old man to my Husband, 'twould grieve me to hear him groan all night for the Gravel, or for the Gout, wrapt in Flannel for his Rheums and Aches, and in the morning to ſee my Maid ſweep away ſix ounces of my Husbands Lungs with a Beſom.

*Paulo.* I ſhall provide you Iron barrs inſtead of a Wedding Ring, Hufwife.

*Luc.* Nay, not that my Father is ſuch a one, but an old Husband is good for nothing but for a Wife to foretel change of Weather by.

*Paulo.* Will you wreſtle a Fall with me, Boy, Scoundrel? } *He mimicks wreſtling.*

*Ant.* A Humane weather-glaſs, a Fleſh Barometer, what, take a Husband for an Almanack, the common mark for all Influences; now *Taurus* hurts his neck, and *Piſces* makes his feet catch cold.

*Paulo.* Young Fellow, Haſt thou paid thy Surgeon? I warrant thou art ſo full of Quick-ſilver, that all the Gold in the Room is diſcoloured with the Atomes that fly from thee. Mind him not, Widow, he's a young, ſilly, flaſhy Fellow: be wiſe, Widow.

*Pauli.* I warrant you, I'l do what's beſt for my ſelf.

*Paulo.* Nay then, I am thine own, thy hand Widow. Young Fellow, deſpair and hang thy ſelf.---Hark, } *Fiddles play within.*
Now my Muſick's ready, Widow, pray mind my Muſick. 'Tis very good Muſick, in troth.

Basse Recit. *Let Fools consume themselves with fruitless care,*
*And with fond hopes search after empty things,*
*But Beggars with their Love are happier far,*
*Than are, without it, the most mighty Kings.*

1 Treble *Let all the World beside go pine,*
*And sigh, and weep, and groan;*
2 Treble *To dismal Griefs their Breasts resign,*
*And with sad, sad Accents moan.*

Chorus 2 Trebles and a Basse. *Lovers shall laugh while they shall whine.*

1 Treble *Fools for it's self will Treasure prize,*
*Some dazling Greatness blinds.*
2 Treble *Beauty alone can charm our Eyes,*
*And Love delight our Minds.*

Chorus of 3. *Beauty alone can &c.*

*What is the Use of Wealth or Power*
*By which they men subdue,*
*If not in order to gain more*
*To vanquish Women too.*
*If not &c.*

*Beauty's the Sum of all Delight,*
*Without Love Life were vain.*
*Th' ambitious Toyl, the valiant Fight,*
*For these, for these Kings Reign.*
*Th' Ambitious &c.*

*They who on these fix their Desires*
*Go right in Natures way,*
*All others are but wandring Fires*
*That lead Mankind astray.*
*All others &c.*

*Pauli.* Tis very fine, now let's to Supper.

*Paulo.* Prithee send away that Puppy with a Flea in his Ear.

*Pauli.* By no Means, he is a civil Person, *Antonio*, your Company too.

*Paulo.* Civil person? a Puppy, a Flash, a Vapour, a Butterfly. Well I'l rout him. *Exeunt Omnes.*

# ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter* Circumſtantio *and* Nuarcha.

[*He kiſſes her ſirſt very formally.*

*Circum.* THERE's *Nectar* and *Ambroſia* on thy Lips, enough for Men and Gods to ſurfeit on.

*Nuar.* Good lack a day! but ſince our Hearts are now made one, what reſts but that a Prieſt to morrow may make us one fleſh too.

*Cir.* That would be Joy beyond my Oratory to expreſs, but my Affairs being yet tempeſtuous, let me take Harbour in old *Paulo's* Service, and then we will conſummate. *Antonio* with whom I liv'd to adviſe and cultivate him with ſome politer Arts, being too obdurate to receive Impreſſions, I have diſcarded utterly, I did even now inſinuate this to Signior *Paulo.*

*Nuar.* Let me alone, I'le do your Buſineſs with old *Paulo.*

*Cir.* The Churches Seal ſhall then confirm our mutual Loves, but I will periſh e're I will throw all my good Parts away on her. [*Aſide*

*Enter* Paulina *and* Antonio.

*Pauli.* While *Paulo* is in Diſcourſe with his Daughter, we have ſome time that's free from Interruption.

*Anto.* My Affections I have at large expreſſed already, and ſince the Beauteous Creature underſtands me fully, I hope ſhe will not caſt away a faithful Lover.

*Pauli.* I for my part ſhall never Delight in Cruelty.

*Enter* Paulo *and* Lucinda.

*Paulo.* Prethee my dear Widdow, ſend this impertinent young Fellow away, I wonder how thou can'ſt ſuffer him.

*Pauli.* Give me leave to retire a Moment, and I will give him ſuch an Anſwer, as ſhall make him preſs me ſumber in this Matter.



ACT.

*Paulo.* Do to my Dear, and let him go home and hang himself.

*Nuar.* Sir, this Gentleman who is a great Scholard, and has the most eloquent Tongue, a Tongue tipt with Silver, has a mind to serve you.

*Paulo.* I understand as much from himself, and in Troth I take him to be a very pretty Fellow.

*Cir.* I suckt my Education and my Literature much from Imitation, and much from *Padua*, bred with the ignorant *Antonio*, who never knew enough to value me; I did—

*Paulo.* Introth a very pretty Fellow, hast thou a Certificate from thy Master?

*Cir.* Behold here it is *in promptu*.

*Paulo.* These are to certifie you, that *Circumstantio* ℈ *Paulo* served me several years, but I was forc'd to part *reads.* with him, for a certain immoderate Guilt he has of impertinent *Eloquence*.

*Antonio.* Oh foolish young Fellow! what does he hate Eloquence? I honour it, and do receive thee as a Jewel, but canst thou write as well as thou canst speak?

*Cir.* My Stile in writing is much more neat, terse, and polite, than indeliberate speaking can be, which you soon will find, if you please to fix on this occasional Reflection which *Milletique* Paper contains (some small Diversion of my Thoughts.

*Paulo.* Good Faith he speaks gallantly. [*Paulo* reads.

*Nuar.* Beyond mortal man!

Upon a *Magpy* sucking of an *Hen*'s Egg, rare I faith, I love these pretty things of Wit.

After the too enticing Charms of a soft and downy Repose, walking abroad one Morning with the beauteous and excellent *Clarinda*, most noble *Theophilus*, just as blushing *Aurora* had left the Bosome of the Deep, and the Sun had with infant Beams begun to smile upon, and dally with the various Beauties of the Spring, and had gilded and adorned the verdant Meads, it chanced that our wandring and indeterminate Steps conducted us into one so enamel'd and bespangled with Flowers, so beauteous and so fragrant, that we were in Doubt, whether our Sight or Smelling was most ravish'd with Excess of Pleasure: and all the while the little innocent Cho-

Choristers of the Spring, chanted forth their pretty and melodious Carolls to welcome in *Clarinda* and the Morning, when lo! on a sudden divinely, thus the Nimph broke Silence. Behold most noble *Cunophilus*, a Beauty in these Meads, which *Flora* her self would blush at and be proud of, behold how Natures pretty Wildness does exceed all the feeble Endeavours of emulous Art, when her Speech was on the sudden interrupted by the clamorous Importunity of a pretty chattering Animal, which by it's Colour did seem to be of the *Dominican* Order among the Fowl, and was in Brief a *Magpy*. At first we considered whether Joy or Anger or what Passion it might be, had surpriz'd the chequer'd Fowl, and caus'd its sudden Extasie, when lo! hard by we spy'd that garrulous and domestick Bird, vulgarly call'd a *Hen*, which soon became more lowd and sonorous than the other. The Cause of which we soon perceiv'd to be a sudden Joy it had conceived for it's safe and happy Delivery of an oviparous Production, which no sooner had the unopining Bird deserted; but its false and chattering Neighbour leaped hastily on the forsaken Birth. And after making a little Fracture on the too brittle Defence, (I mean the Shell) the gready immoral and voracious Fowl did in a Moment absorb all the precious Liquor it contain'd.

*Paulo.* Come my dear sweet Widdow, have you given that foolish Fellow his Answer?

*Enter* Paulina, Antonio, *and* Lucinda.

*Pauli.* He knows what he must trust to.

*Lucin.* Now go about your Business, the size of the Statue fits you exactly.

*Anto.* As it were made for me, I can conceal my self within its Hollowness.

*Lucin.* You will turn them to Statues e're you have done.

*Anto.* Madam I humbly kiss your Hands, Old Gentleman your Servant.

*Paulo.* Farewel young Coxcomb. [*Exit.* Anto.

*Lucin.* 'Tis time now to retire, 'tis my Cozens Bed-time.

*Paulo.* Let me but see my old Friend's Statue first.

*Lucin.*

*Lucin.* I'll draw the Curtain, are you ready *Antonio*,

*Anto. within.* I am.

*Nuar.* Bleſs me, what is the Matter? The Candles burn blew, Oh Heaven I am afraid of Spirits!

*Pauli.* They do burn blew, what's the matter?

*Cir.* The Tapers ſhine with a ſulphurious Flame, and ſhed a fickly and unuſual Light.

*Lucin.* Heaven what will become of us!

*Paulo.* I will turn the Statue, *Circumſtantio* ſtand by me, art a Scholar, the Statue ſtirs.

*Cir.* I am poſſeſſed with panick Fear.

*Anton.* in the Statue.] *Paulo, Paulo, Paulo.*

*Nuar.* Ah my dear *Circumſtantio.* [*She runs into his Arms.*

*Pauli.* Heaven defend us, what Prodigie is this.

*Paula.* O Lord forgive me my Sins, good Widdow pray for me, have you ſome Holy water to cool the Spirits, Courage?

*Lucin.* Rather ask hot water to increaſe your own.

*Pauli.* Alas! we are helpleſs Women, you are a Man, a good old man, if you were a young man laden with Sins, you might with Reaſon fear: Pray ſpeak to it.

*Ant. Paulo, Paula, Paulo.*

*Paulo.* Speak reverend Spirit, ſpeak, whence com'ſt thou, whence art thou, and what diſturbs thy Quiet?

*Anto.* My Soul commanded for old *Paulo's* Good,
Againſt his Sins informs this carved Wood;
I for ſome years enjoy'd that Womans Bed,
And bound the lovely Living to the Dead;
For which I was to *Purgatory* ſent,
To expiate my Crime by Punishment.
But if you long for better or for worſe,
You ſhould have made a Matrimonial Nurſe
Of ſome old Widdow, who in Country Town,
From Salves and Waters has obtain'd Renown:
She beſt might fit your Cap, and ſpitting Sheet,
And ply the Panting Pidgeons to your Feet:
She could with Skill your ſtrengthening Plaiſter ſpread,
And by back door relieve your aking head.
Yet Heaven is better pleas'd if you ſhould live
A Widower, and your *Lucinda* give

Into

Into ſome young mans Arms, for that would be In Virtue beſt for her, and beſt for thee.

*Paulo.* Oh! I am wounded to the Heart with fear. Oh! I diſſolve, I dye. Has it done ſpeaking?

*Nuar.* Yes ſure, Sir.

*Paulo.* I thought my old Friend and School-fellow *Ferdinand* would not have ſerved me ſo: What, diſſwade me from taking a ſhort Leaſe of his own Houſe? but what muſt be, muſt be.

*Nuar.* Nay, many times it made mouths, and grinn'd at me, as my old Maſter uſed to do in his Fits of the Cholick, yet I never ventured to ſpeak of it till now.

*Paulo.* Well, *Paulina*, there is a man baulk't, I had a zealous Paſſion for you, and, with the Statues leave, no old man could deſerve more than my ſelf; but ſince a Plenipotentiary comes to forbid the Banes, I muſt ſubmit. In troth it breaks my heart, it is a hard tryal to my Fleſh and Blood, I cannot forbear weeping; the fire within makes my Heart boyl over. *Widow*, in troth, I deſign'd you for my comfort, my Boſome Friend, in troth I love you, but what Heaven pleaſes: In troth I did love you, and hang'd you on my Heart-ſtrings, but no more of that: farewell, ſweet Marriage, it muſt be henceforth one in a Bed, be the Weather never ſo cold.

*Nuar.* Alas, I pity this poor old Gentleman.

*Paulo.* Well, Widow, my Heart glows ſtill, I have not yet conquered my ſelf, in troth I lov'd you, but muſt love no more.

*Pauli.* O yes, you muſt not deny your Charity, your Friendſhip and good Wiſhes upon occaſion, as heretofore.

*Paulo.* Oh, Widow, remember *Paulo*, this has been a ſad ſurprize to my poor loving Soul, I ſhall never forget it, but farewel, I am not well, Widow, I muſt now take my leave, perchance I may ſee you no more, this kiſs ſhews that, in troth I lov'd you.

*Pauli.* Good night to you, Sir, I hope a good ſleep and the ſure knowledge of the Care Heaven has for you, may ſettle this diſturbance, but I ſhall not ſuddenly recover it.

*Exe.*

*Luc.* Madam, if you were best to let him compose himself a little in my Chamber before he goes? Pray Sir do.

*Pauli.* I think nothing better, if he pleases to stay all night. (I am almost dead with fear.) *Lucinda*, thou shalt lye with me, and thy Father shall lye in thy Chamber.

*Paulo.* With all my heart, sweet Widdow, and *Cornutissantio*, thou shalt lye with me. Widdow, in troth I lovld you, in troth I did, sweet Widdow.

*Pauli.* Let's to our Chambers from this frightful place.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Camilla *in the Wood.*

*Cam.* This is the tree, and this the appointed place
Where my dear Brother is to meet *Lorenzo*.
Both I would save, or dye for both; oh Love,
How much thy Torments overcome thy Sweets!
And yet nothing can be so terrible,
Or full of Danger which thy Proselytes
Will not for thee encounter: I am transform'd
From Woman to a man, a fearful Maid
Grows bold, and dares by the Moons sickly light
T' expose her self alone. Here comes
One this way, sure it is he, my Sex returns,
And I am fearful. How this will end, Heaven knows.

*Loren.* This is the time when Death and my Revenge
Shall have their Sacrifice. Were it my Fate,
As I believe it cannot be, to fall
Under *Marcello*'s Sword, I'd bleed contentedly,
Doing my best to vindicate my Fame,
And Death is better far than withering Honour.
The oppress'd *Indian* did not more abhorr
The place where *Spaniards* were, than I this Earth
Where vile *Marcello* triumphs. Who art thou?
I did expect to meet another man.
Does cowardly *Marcello* send you to beg his Life?

*Cam.* He scorns the thought of it: he'll be just to his word.
'Twas I that wrote the Note to change the time,
Being one of his House, I came to speak with thee.

*Lor.* Being one of his House, I am come luckily
To kill thee.

I came with as much joy to meet my Enemy
As Bridegrooms go to bed. Rash youth,
This great Disparity will make me blush.
Nature has not made thee for fight, but rather
Has shaped thee for my Ladies Page; but yet since
His base Blood runs in thy Veins, I'll let it out.

*Cam.* First, let us parlee and perhaps you'l find
Not so much cause as you imagine.

*Lor.* Death! Parlee with my Sword in my hand,
And with one of *Marcello's* cursed Race.
Draw.——

*Cam.* I will not draw, till you have heard me speak.

*Lor.* I'll make thee draw. Take that young Fool, } *He strikes*
For daring to provoke me thus with trifling, } Cam.
And when thou fightest I'll give thee more } *She draws, he*
For being of that hated Family. } *wounds her slightly.*

*Cam.* No. Thou hast done enough to one who was before
so deeply wounded. Heaven preserve *Lorenzo*. [ *She faints.*

*Lor.* What do I hear? the Youth did bless me sure
Just as he fainted, the small Wound torments me,
And Gratitude returns it on my self.
I'l chafe his Temples to recover him,
Nothing but Fear has made this Agony.
Oh Heaven and Earth, forgive me! 'tis a Woman.
Hah! my unknown Mistress! wretched, damn'd *Lorenzo*,
Thou art cursed to all Eternity.
Earth swallow me, and let me be forgot.
She's gone, she's gone: Was ever Mortal yet
So cursed as I? I feel a Hell within me,
And all the Furies are raging there; O Speak,
My Saint, my Goddess, speak, look up, Is there
No help of Mercy?

*Cam. Lorenzo* censure not my Modesty,
'Twas Love to you; and care of good *Marcello*
That brought me hither, this Wound was kindly given,
There is no other Cure for those my Breast
Received from you before: for I could never
Have enjoy'd *Lorenzo*.

*Lor.* What Riddle's this?
She faints again, Oh dearest Creature stay,

One Moment ſtay, the penitent *Lorenzo*
Will wait upon thee.
*Cam.* Oh! no but if you can [*She revives.*
Forgive and love one of *Marcello*'s Houſe,
Let me conjure you by my dying Words,
To love *Marcello* for my Sake.
*Lor.* She's gone again, Oh Guardian Angel ſtay,
And haſten not away your lovely Charge
In Fleſh as much Angelick as thy ſelf.
Is there no Hopes, weep Oh ye Heavens, and give
Water to ſprinckle on her Face, weep thou
Wretched *Lorenzo*, but thy Tears are hot
Like thy accurſed Rage. There is hard by
A Sovereign Fountain famous for it's Cures,
I'll run and fetch ſome of it's Water. [*Exit* haſtily.

*Enter* Julia *in Man's Habit.*

*Julia.* This ſure is the fatal place of Aſſignation,
Where the two furious Combatants will meet,
Where I like the renowned *Sabin* Woman,
With Cries, diſhevel'd Hair, and Floods of Tears
Will ſtrive to cloſe their mortal Enmity.
Hard by there dwells an honeſt Country-man
Whom I have gained to give me ſafe Retreat,
And reſt for ſome few Hours, if Sleep can bind
The Senſe where ſo much weighty Care doth dwell.
Oh bleſt Inhabitants of Cottages!
Oh that I had been born ſome rural Girl,
To have fed my Fathers Flocks with chearful Thoughts
As impolluted as the Chryſtal Streams!
There if ſome Flame had warm'd my tender Heart
With good Aſſurance I might own my Pain.
*Cam.* Oh! Oh! Oh!
*Julio.* Speak, what art thou? For I can ask no more.
*Cam.* Help who ere thou art, alaſs I am robb'd,
And wounded in this Wood.
*Jul.* How rob'd? Heaven how I quake!
*Cam.* Yes worthy Sir, in Charity
Convey me hence or elſe I faint again.

*Jul.* How my Limbs tremble, I scarce have Strength
Enough to help you. Hard by my Chariot stands,
I will convey you to a safe Retreat.

*Cam.* Thanks noble Sir;
Savage *Lorenzo* could'st thou wound me, and
Then leave me, I'll never see thee more.

*Jul.* Come lean on me.

*Ex. Julia and Camilla.*

*Enter* Lorenzo.

*Lor.* With too much Haste I miss'd my Way, and stay'd
Too long, so much has my Misfortune
Confounded all my Faculties, Oh my Saint
Go not without me, hah, what is she gone?
I left her here: she's dead, and Angels have
Convey'd away her sacred Corps, too good
For Worms to feed on, or has Heaven suffer'd
This lovely Creature to recover Life
Without my Help, who did commit this Crime?
Oh curs'ed Wretch damn'd beyond Repentance!
Art thou awake, doest thou behold these Trees?
Or dost thou see the bright Moons silver Beams?
Oh hide thy Face, for thou should'st be eclips'd
In Horror of this Sin.
If Fables feign man for ill Nature
Derived from fiery Flints and stubborn Rocks,
From what hard Metaphor shall fancy draw
Parents fit for *Lorenzo*: what Floods, what Seas
Can cleanse these bloody hands: if she be
On Earth I'll find her out, if in the other
World I'll follow her, but Ah! alas, I ne're shall see
That happy Place: this Sin will weigh me down.

*Ex.* Lorenzo.

*Enter* Marcello *with two or three Servants in the Town.*

*Mar.* This is the place *Albricio*, where my Friend *Antonio* appointed us to be.

*Albri.* I wonder Sir he is not yet come.

*Mar.*

*Mar.* The time ſeems fit for our Adventure, the Moon is civil, and is juſt gone down. Who is there?

*Ant.* Your Friend *Antonio.*

*Enter* Antonio *with Servants.*

*Mar.* Well my dear Friend, let's on, and good Luck to our Enterprize.

*Ant.* I am aſhamed of engaging my beſt Friend in any thing of this Hazard, but I had none whom ſo intirely I could truſt as you.

*Mar.* You honour me with your Confidence, but injure me, if you think I can value Danger, where my Friend is concerned: he that will not embrace the Perils Friendſhip draws upon it, ought never to enjoy the Pleaſures it brings with it.

*Ant.* I know you are a generous Friend, and the World knows you are a brave Enemy. Hark the Clock ſtrikes, 'tis twelve, 'tis my time, good Luck dear Friend. *The Clock ſtrikes twelve.*

*Mar.* Fear not, 'tis a noble Cauſe.

*Ant.* Servants ſtand under the Houſe, while you ſecure the Door, and I go in----hark by Heavens an Angels Voice! 'Tis *Lucinda*'s, this is a Quality I never knew: now for my Sign. *Lucinda ſings in the Window.*

*[He ſtrikes upon his Sword Hilt.*

*Luci.* I hear the Sign, lie by my Lute.

*[She deſcends,* Mar. *and* Ant. *go in.*

*Paulina within.* *Lucinda* where art thou? Fooliſh Girl, Go to Bed---ha, there is ſome Body in the Houſe, *Nuarcha* riſe---ring the Bell, Thieves, Thieves.

*The Scene* changes to the *Hall* in the Houſe.

*Luci.* I have ſet my Cabinet of Jewels here in the Hall, I'll take that and away.

*Pauli. Rings.*] Thieves, Thieves *Lucinda*, where's *Lucinda*?

*Luci.* Oh ill Fortune! the houſe is alarum'd, they are coming towards us, the Attempt without doing the thing would undoe me.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Let's away, we are strong enough to defend the Attempt and Action too.

*Luc.* No, they will raise the Town, when they miss me, my Father is in the House too, stand you here let your Friend secure the Door. Mind what I do, and be ready for your Cue. They come.

*Enter* Paulina, Nuarcha, *and Servants.*

*Pauli.* Thieves, Thieves, search every Hole.

*Luc.* Oh Madam have a Care whither you go; I was singing and playing upon my Lute, I broke a String and came down for my string-Box which I had left in a lower Room, and there I met the Ghost of your former Husband, Seignior *Ferdinand*, I cryed out, swounded with the Fright, and your Coming has revived me: For Heavens sake to your Chamber, Madam give me the Candle, Oh it burns blew again. [Lucinda *drops the Candle, the Women shrink, and run about in Confusion.*

*Ant. Paulo, Paulo, Paulo,*

*Pauli.* Ah Heaven bless us.

*Lucin.* Now dear *Antonio* your hand,
Oh Misfortune, another Light.

*Enter* Paulo *with a naked Sword,* Circumstantio *with a Candle.*

*Cir.* What may these Disorders portend!

*Paulo.* Where are these Theives, Rogues, I'll cut them off in the middle.

*Ant. Paulo, Paulo, Paulo.* [*They cry out, the Ghost, again.*

*Paulo.* Ah, Ah, *Benedicite.* { *He lets fall his Sword, crosses himself and mumbles Prayers.* Circumstantio *lets fall the Light.*

*Anto. Paulo, Paulo, Paulo.*

*Pauli.* Lights there, Lights.

*Ant.* Thou must thy amarous Passion quite forgo;
Or suffer dire avenging Flames below.

*Paulo.* Oh, Oh, ever honour'd Ghost, I have done with my Love, I do not care for thy Widdow now, I can't abide her, a Pox on her for me, I hate her mortally, I prethee let me rest, the Devil take her for me.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Now all to bed, quiet repose to take,
No more shall you b'affrighted for my sake.
*Luc.* Now *Antonio* slip away.
*Ant.* A thousand blessings on thy Wit and Beauty.
*Mar.* Go on boldly, I'll make good the Rear carry her to my house, my Sister shall wait on her *Exeunt Ant. Luc.*
[ *Marc. and after, all the rest groping.*

*Enter* Camilla *and* Julia. *The Scene a Wood.*

*Cam.* How much I am indebted, worthy Sir,
To you, in this my great extremity!
My Heart with thanks conceives, and bears me witness
That I shall alwayes pay my gratitude.
Could I but know the kind Author of these
Favours, and hope to be esteem'd his Friend.
*Jul.* Sir, I shall endeavour to promote our
Lucky Friendship and mutual knowledge,
After you have reposed some time.
*Cam.* Oh Sir!
It is in vain for me to wish for rest
This night, or indeed for ever: but I hope
Providence in mercy designs few dayes
For one whom it decreed unfortunate;
The morning Sun will tell me whether Life
Be worth my Care.
*Jul.* Alas, I pity you
For I feel grief to make me sensible.
I would resemblance might allay our pain;
For I as little value Life as you.
My Fortune likewise in this World depends
Upon good Omens, when the Sun shall rise.
*Cam.* Your Virtue cannot fail of good success
To crown the goodness you have shew'd to me,
But I shall beg of Heaven to keep you free
From my dire Circumstances, howsoe're
My Lot falls out; may yours (resembling you)
Be kind and fair.
*Jul.* Still I deplore you more,
Our Fates appear so parallel, yet here

I vow

I vow, for your ſoft thoughts and tender wiſhes,
A Friendſhip firm as Deſtiny, ſince you
Pleaſe to ask it, with fervent zeal to ſerve
A Friend, which cannot wrong that Sacred name. [*They embrace.*
*Cam.* Dear Sir, You make me long for Life, and love
My grief, becauſe in that alone I muſt
Pretend to equal you, bleſt be this Grove
Where firſt we meet, bleſt be this ſilent Night
Where we two Friends contracted Friendſhip firſt.
Theſe few happy Minutes ſhall be an Age
To me, and when cold Death (perhaps to Night)
Shall ſhut my Eyes, I may with Reaſon ſay,
This cloſe of Life, has fully recompenc'd
It's ſad Beginning, and in Confidence
Of our true Friendſhip, I will tell my Friend
The great Secret of my Soul, who I am,
And why I hither came.
*Jul.* You will excell
As you deſerve, and teach me what I ought
To do, begin my Friend, and whilſt you make
Your ſad Relation, I will ſigh for you,
And you ſhall do the ſame for me.
*Cam.* Dear Friend
You may remember when you ſaw me firſt
I told you that I was robb'd and wounded
And ſo I was: but 'twas by Love. My Heart
Was ſtol'n and wounded, by ſuch a Thief
Whoſe Charms are irreſiſtable, let not
My following Words ſtagger our Friendſhip,
I am a Woman.
*Jul.* Still may your Words add
Freſh Delight, and ſo am I; no leſs robb'd
And wounded than your ſelf: but what
Occaſion drew my Friend this way to Night?
*Cam.* I cannot ſpeak for Joy, I came to ſave
The Life of one I prize above the World,
And he loves me as much, you may know him
When I call him *Marcello.*
*Jul.* Oh my Death!
What do I hear? *Julia* thou art loſt
For ever!

*Cam.*

*Cam.* What ſayes my Friend?

*Jul.* Only remembring what ſad Accidents
Lovers undergo.

*Cam.* 'Tis moſt true. This *Marcello*
Has promiſed to morrow morning to fight
His deadly Enemy, called *Lorenzo*,
And in that fatal place where you found me;
To quench their Hate in Bloud, my Death would be
A pleaſure to ſave their Lives, to morrow
I am reſolv'd to meet them there, Dear Friend,
Will you be there and help me?

*Jul.* 'Tis too true,
My new Friend is turn'd my Rival, and ſuch
A Rival, whoſe great merits, my ſmall worth [*aſide.*
Dares not pretend to ballance. Now I am
Truly wretched, bound in my Soul to love
My Death, and bleſs my Executioner.

*Cam.* Friend, you do not mind me, you ſeem diſturb'd,
Are you not well?

*Jul.* Never ſo ill before.

*Cam.* Forbid it, gentle Heaven, where lies your grief?

*Jul.* A murdering pain at your laſt words ſurpriz'd
My Vitals: 'tis impoſſible for me
To laſt out long. Now pointed Tortures ſhoot
Through every part, oh! give me ſome relief,
For you are ſhe muſt help me.

*Cam.* Oh, teach me
But the means, and I will dye to ſerve you.

*Jul.* I only beg of you to give your Friend
Some Phyſick, the beſt for my Diſtemper,
I have it here about me.

*Cam.* Bleſt Fortune!
Come give it me, by all that's good I will
Moſt faithfully apply it.

*Jul.* Here, kill me [*She draws her Sword.*
This is my Cure, remember your promiſe,
Start not, it muſt be ſo,
If you love your ſelf or me: By my Death
You ſhall remove your Rival, and confirm
Your Monarchy in Love. Oh! that I had

Never ſeen your Face, or elſe had never
Heard your Story. My Feaver makes me mad,
Pray let me blood.

*Cam.* Perdition ſeize me firſt ——
Oh, my pernicious Fate! put up your Sword.
Can you not love me ſtill?

*Jul.* Yes, after Death.

*Cam.* And not in Life. Why do you talk of Death?
There is no danger in your Love, 'tis I
Am loſt: Yet I could ſtill love you.

*Jul.* Farewel.
You break your Oath, and are no more my Friend;
You love to keep me on the Rack: be gone ——
And give me not new Torments by your ſtay.
When the Day dawns, expect me at the Tree
Where both muſt die, becauſe you kill'd not me. *Exit.*

*Cam.* Hurry'd with rage, ſhe will not hear me ſpeak,
Oh, that my hated Life might ſooner end,
To eaſe my pains, and cure my penſive Friend.
For what good Omens can attend my love,
Since Friendſhip does ſo unſucceſsful prove? *Exit.*

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# ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Scene diſcovers* Julia *ſleeping under a Tree.*

*Enter* Marcello.

*Marc.* I Lately ſaw my Friend *Antonio*
Made happy in the Marriage of his
Dear *Lucinda*, which by compariſon
Diſcovers what a Wretch I am: condemned
To pains and fatal Errours; till Death ſhall free
Me, or my Enemy. And in this Wood
I muſt expect him and the Sun together.
Theſe Summer days are good Types of Man's Life,
For the moſt part through Heat inſufferable,

The

The Morning and the Evening best for Use,
And Pleasure, but yet how short! whilst Manhood
Like Mid-day-hours, too much ferments our blood,
And gives long Feavers from our eager Passions.
*Julia.* O stay, O stay! [*She cryes out in her sleep.*
*Mar.* Who is this that invokes
My pity? a most lovely Youth! sleeping
And yet disturb'd; sure he is full of Grief:
For in his ugly Dream he sighs and weeps.
*Julia.* O, Why has sleep
Forsook me! Why could it not last for ever?
Sleep had compassion on me, and by Dreams
Deluded all my Sorrows. My fair Rival
Just now was very kind, she smil'd and seem'd
To give me Joy, I sigh'd and cry'd, because
She fled before she told me how.
*Marc.* By Heaven the Voice of my fair unknown Mistress,
It hath perform'd *Lorenzo*'s will, and pierc'd
My heart: each syllable did stab
And burn me in the passage.
*Julia.* 'Tis now the break of Day, a fatal Morning!
But I will sing my Troubles to these Woods.

## SONG.

*'Tis too severe, ye Powers, that Love,*
*The Noblest Object of the Mind,*
*Should now so fatal be,*
*That the sole pleasure of Mankind,*
*And the chief Joy of those above,*
*Should be a Curse to me.*
*Why should the spightful Stars contrive*
*That in such Torments I should live?*
*That I should love the Man that must hate me,*
*And still pursue impossibility.*

*Ah, fatal Love! like other fire,*
*Thy Heat to Objects does impart*
*Most different Effects,*

*Whilst thou doſt melt thy ſoft deſire,*
*Thou pardon'ſt my* Marcello's *heart;*
*Till he my Love neglect,*
*Thy Godhead I with Faith have ſerv'd,*
*And have not this from thee deſerv'd*
*Yet, though to me his heart no love can give,*
*He ſtill might let me in* Lorenzo *live.*

*Marc.* Sure my Miſtreſs then is Siſter to *Lorenzo.*
*Julia.* Alas! who is there? who are you?
*Marc.* Madam, it is your Creature. [*He kneels.*
*Julia.* Who are you? you frighted me.
*Mar.* O hear
With Patience, and forgive my Crime, I am
*Marcello*, your Foe *Marcello*, guilty
Of Death, yet begging Life.
*Julia.* 'Tis he, bleſt Heavens!
It proved a happy fright---Riſe *Marcello*,
And let *Lorenzo's* Siſter kneel to you:
Can you forgive my Brother's daring rage?
And hide ſome Crimes for head-ſtrong Nature's ſake,
Some, for a wretched Siſter, ſome for one
That loves you; Pardon this bold confeſſion
From her that became bold to ſave you both.
*Mar.* Oh Balſom to my wounds! by Providence
That brought me hither, my Love, my Dear, my Soul.
'Tis you have ſav'd my Life and Fortunes. You
Can bring eternal Quiet to my Mind.
By Heaven I value Life only for you,
And love you far above it.
Conſider Sir before you ſpeak, I am
*Lorenzo's* Siſter.
*Mar.* And I'll be for ever
*Lorenzo's* Friend, I can no more fight with him
Than with my Father, were he now alive.
I'll meet him unarm'd and catch him with Arms
Of Friendſhip, ſure he cannot hurt the breaſt
Which your bleſt Image guards.
*Julia.* The time draws near
Which proves my Happineſs, and your Virtue.

*Mirtillo* how can your appear so cruel
With false Hope to deceive a harmless Maid?
You'l find a much more potent Guard to save you,
My charming Rival, she expects you there,
She will preserve you safe from Injury.

*Mar.* Oh! Madam be not cruel in mistrusting me,

*Julia.* Nothing in Nature is so wild, but grows
Gentle before her, and lays down it's Fierceness
At her Feet, nay she makes me love her, who
Have most Cause to hate her, and when I had
Her in my Power, I had no Power to hurt her.

*Mar.* This is wonderous strange! by all my present
And my future Hopes, I understand you not.
My Breast now feels its Virgin-Flames, which ne're
Can be extinguish'd. (haste from you

*Julia.* Time gives us leave to talk no more, but bids me
To the fatal place, where I soon shall meet
You, but I charge you if you love me now,
Do not pursue me too close. *Exit Julia.*

*Mar.* When you command I will obey even Ruin.
Now by my strange Captivity I prove
My former Sins against the Power of Love:
In sharpest Tortures without Hopes to gain
Through so much Doubt, an end of so much Pain. *Exit.*

*Scene turns to* Paulina's *House.*

*Enter* Paulo *and* Paulina.

*Paulo.* Now Widdow 'tis clear, what is become of my most undutiful Baggage, and yours too, if Heaven and the Statue had so pleased. It seems your Skip-Jack *Antonio* was about the House, for he was seen by your Coachman as he thinks, to go out of the Door in her Company.

*Pauli.* 'Tis very strange, and it vexes me no less than it does you, what should be the meaning of it? But if *Antonio* is concern'd in it, without Doubt *Circumstantio* and the Officers may discover them.

*Paulo.* The Meaning of it is plain now upon second Thoughts, but if your civil *Antonio* be concern'd in it, cannot

not you guess that no young Wench runs out at Midnight with a young Fellow, but she has a mind to eat Flesh with the Fryers Leave? I pray God it proves no worse. I ever told you Widdow, that these young Fellows were never without their Rogues Tricks.

*Pauli.* He has rais'd a strong Jealousie in my Head, which I never thought of before. [*Aside.*

*Enter* Nuarcha.

*Paulo.* Well Mistress *Nuarcha* what News of my Daughter? have the Officers and *Circumstantio* discovered where she may be?

*Nuar.* Sir, *Circumstantio* is just return'd to give us an Account, Having been all night about it.

*Enter* Circumstantio.

*Paulo,* Well good *Circumstantio* let me beg of thee to be as brief as thou can'st, what is become of my confounded Daughter?

*Cir.* Ah Sir *exerce Patientiam,* for my Relation does require it above Mode and Figure.

*Paulo.* I know it will, but prithee at this time be very plain.

*Cir.* What Sir, shall it be said that *Circumstantio* speaks without Embroidery.

*Pauli.* Ah! Good *Circumstantio* oblige me so far, as to tell me if you have found her, and in whose Company.

*Cir.* Well, Madam, If I must do violence to my self and Rhetorick, and take a sorrowful farewel for some time of my familiar Tropes, it shall be the less injurious to my Reputation, since 'tis in obedience to the Commands of so hyperbolick a Lady, to whom my depositions bear a particular respect.

*Paulo.* I charge you to tell forthwith what you can say of my Daughter, where she is, and what is become of the Offi- Officers, upon the penalty of a Quarters Wages; dost hear Fellow? though I love Eloquence very well, yet now 'tis very unnecessary in these Circumstances.

*Cir.*

*Cir.* Ah, gentle Sir! May Heaven forgive the raſhneſs of your Expreſſion: what, can Eloquence be unneceſſary? but to imitate ſome well-deſigning Poet, I ſhall begin in the middle of my Story, and declare the former part in ſome ſucceeding Narrative.

*Paulo.* Pox on you, you will diſtract me, what is become of my Daughter?

*Cir.* Gentle Madam and ungentle Sir, to come to the ſo much deſir'd Propoſition. Your Daughter I declare categorically is no more *Lucinda*, ſhe is chang'd, ſhe is alter'd, ſhe is metamorphoſed.

*Paulo.* How! What do'ſt thou mean thou man of Ambiguity? How changed?

*Cir.* Yes reverend Sir, ſhe is chang'd, there is a Tranſmutation, or rather a Tranſcorporation.

*Paulo.* Into what, good *Circumſtantio*?

*Nuar.* Yes, yes, do you think this Ghoſt came for nothing?

*Paulo.* But prithee, young Fellow, explain thy ſelf.

*Cir.* What Mortal, endued with natural preſcience could have had proſpect of this moſt affecting alteration in the beginning, or *à parte ante*, as the School-men ſweetly phraſe it. O moſt occult *Antonio*, I muſt confeſs I never did rightly conceive thy *Antoneity*.

*Pauli.* He names *Antonio* and makes me almoſt mad with Fear.

*Paulo.* Prethee Fellow do not diſtract me, at your Peril.

*Nuar.* Good honey *Circumſtantio*, diſcover your meaning for Love's ſake.

*Cir.* Forbear your Arms of Concupiſcence, *Pace veſtra dixiſſe liceat*, there is a Change, *Lucinda* is changed, *Antonio* is changed. *Prob Deum atque hominum fidem!*

*Paulo.* Doſt thou hear Fellow, God I will not ſuffer thee longer.

*Nuar.* Ah prethee dear Bird ſave thy *Nuarcha's* Longing.

*Cir.* Why then *Quæſo animos Advertite*, they are neither He nor Shee, but both from henceforth, by the Application of a Fryer, *Antonio* and *Lucinda* are faſtned together about the Middle, and here they are.

*Enter*

*Enter* Antonio *and* Lucinda.

*Antonio.* Sir in all Duty I desire your Blessing. } *They kneel*
*Lucinda.* And I beg your Blessing on us both. } *to* Paulo.
*Pauli.* O most false of Mankind! [*Aside.*
*Paulo.* What do you mean you impudent Runagate, what Change is this?

*Lucinda.* Sir it is for better for worse. This Gentleman is my Husband, I am glad with all my Heart that he has rescued me from a Nunnery, which terrified me as much as the Ghost did you.

*Paulo.* Out upon thee, thou incontinent profane Baggage, what think of Marriage in that very Moment, when the dead declaim'd against it?

*Lucinda.* Yes Sir they dissuaded you, but I thank them I found good Friends in *Purgatory*, and took the first Opportunity to obey their Counsel.

*Pauli.* How dar'st thou look me in the Face, thou base perfidious man?

*Ant.* Madam, I blush, I must confess after my Falshood to behold your Face, but my violent Love to *Lucinda* (since by no other Means I could approach her) forc'd me to it.

*Pauli.* Was I a fit Property? must I be thus abus'd?

*Antonio.* You might have perceiv'd the Love I seemed to make to you was all the while address'd to her: pardon the Extravagance of my Love, for next to my *Lucinda*, there's not one on Earth I have more Honour for, and if all the Service of my Life can but attone my Crime with you, I then shall dye contented.

*Pauli.* Think not false Wretch I'll honour thee so much as to be angry, I cast thee from my Heart and Memory, and spoil thy Triumph, O thou base Companion of my Solitude, and Partner of my Secrets false *Lucinda.* [*Exit* Paulina

*Paulo.* Widdow I thank thee for being so angry in my Concern, it shews thou lovest me, Pox on the Ghost I say, what gone on a sudden---come hither you young Fellow, that will be my Son whither I will or no? How durst you marry my Daughter---ha---well sauce Box since you have her, and I can't take her from you, here, take her,---but do you mark

mark me, As her Mother gave her me——naked—— without a penny of Portion, ſince your Stomach is ſo good, you ſhall eat your Meat for me without any Sauce, in troth——

*Ant.* Sir, I am contented.

*Lucind.* I hope Sir, you will give me a Wedding Dinner.

*Paulo.* Yes, perhaps I may give you a Wedding Dinner, ſince you have rid me of ſo much trouble in finding another Keeper. Ah! what a happy man had I been if the Ghoſt of old impertinent *Ferdinand* had not been giving Advice to night, freed of my skittiſh Daughter, and in an hopeful way for my Widdow, but the Will of Heaven be done.

*Nuar.* A right Godly old Gentleman!

*Paulo.* Well, I will pluck up my old courage, and give conſolation to the diſturbed Widdow. [*Exit Paulo.*

*Nuar.* Madam, Heaven bleſs this happy change to you; indeed you have ſurprized us very much.

*Lucind.* I thank you, good *Nuarcha.* I hope your change will come ſuddenly.

*Nuar.* When the accompliſht *Circumſtantio* pleaſes.

*Cir.* Sir, *Injuriarum remedium eſt oblivio.* May *Hymen* and *Venus* look propitiouſly upon you, and conferr upon you Infinity——

*Ant.* Thanks, good *Circumſtantio*, no more Speeches to night, I beſeech you. Come, dear Lady and Miſtreſs, your hand.

*Lucind.* Here, dear Lord and Maſter, with my Heart to boot. *Exeunt.*

*The Scene turns to the Wood and Tree.*

*Enter* Camilla.

*Cam.* How my Heart beats, and calls up my Paſſions,
My Hope, my Fear, my Love, my Jealouſie.

*Enter* Julia.

*Jul.* You are here before me——

*Cam.* I am here to ſerve you, and to aſſure you
I am that Friend I once pretended, and
Am here to give you to the hand of him

I love, and beg one favour for so rich
A present.

*Julia.* Ah, my charming Sophister!
You know your Beauties strength, and so would put
The Prize upon too unequal Combat.
I in this Cause can fight, and boldly dye.
Injurious Rival, draw thy Sword, and free [*She draws.*
Me or thy self from Jealousie and pain.

*Enter* Marcello.

*Mar.* Ah, Madam, why do you unsheath your Sword,
When Life and Death depend upon your Eyes?

*Julia.* O false *Marcello*, there you mean these words;
On those Eyes Life and Death depend —— oh, turn
Away, and look not on her, for that face
Will make you false, if you be not already!

*Mar.* Sure I should know that Face — *Camilla.*

*Cam.* Even she,
Who changed her Habit to preserve *Marcello.*

*Mar. Camilla*, How I love thee for this Action! [*He embraces her.*

*Julia. Marcello*, Can you so soon
Deride your Vows and me?

*Mar.* Mistake me not.
My happiness, when you know her to be
My vertuous Sister, you will love with me.

*Julia.* Ten thousand Blessings on that name, it gives
Me Heaven on Earth. O pardon me, my Friend!
O pardon fierce *Lorenzo*'s unknown Sister, [*She runs to her.*
And place her in the state from whence she fell.

*Cam.* O Joys which Angels sell! O blest Brother!
By such an unexpounded Miracle,
I could hold my dearest Friend for ever
In my Arms, till *Marcello* (with Reason)
Would not chide.

*Mar.* I will thus embrace you both,
And with these two Impenetrable Shields
Will meet *Lorenzo*.



*Enter*

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Julia.* Such unexpected Joy must hurt
Like Grief.
*Loren.* The Sun ne're shin'd on such a Wretch as me,
My Mistress wounded, nay, for ought I know
Kill'd by this hand, and the sweet Body lost.
My Strength decays, and Life feels Winter in
My chilly Veins: a Child would now disarm me.
How dare I meet *Marcello* at this time?
How does his Genius baffle mine?
Weary of Life and sick of my few Minutes?
I needs must bow beneath his just Revenge.
*Mar.* See *Lorenzo* approaches, but he does seem
To have more of Sorrow than of Anger in him.
*Loren.* What do my wretched Eyes behold?
My Mistress in *Marcello's* Arms?
Giving my Foe by Looks, and hand her Heart.
O stabbing Object! plac'd there to compleat
My Sorrows. Now it is time to dye, but not
Without *Marcello's* Company. That Sight
Boils up my Blood within me, and swells my Rage
Like a swift Torrent beyond Banks and Bounds,
I will speak and turn him to an Eunuch.
*Marcello* view this Sword, whose Sight may chill
Thy hot Desire, what can'st thou think of Love
In Death, how dar'st thou touch that Beauty
Which only I must worship?
Draw short liv'd Wretch and try thy feeble Right.
*Cam.* O Dear *Lorenzo* pacifie your Wrath
Towards *Marcello* for his Sister Sake, } *She lays hold on*
Who loves you and came here to tell you so, } *him, and kneels.*
*Camilla* will not rise nor let you go;
Unless you promise Peace.
*Julia,* O dear Brother,
Imitate my tender Mothers Mildness } *She lays hold on*
And be not altogether the Picture } *him, and kneels.*
Of my furious Father: For *Julia's* Sake

Whom you have often ſaid you dearly lov'd,
Proffer and take *Marcello* Amity,
For he loves me, and I love him as much.

*Cam.* Speak gently, and do not kill your Lover,

*Julia.* O calm your Breaſt, and then you'l give us Comfort.

*Lor.* I am amaz'd at this ſurprizing Sight!
And this ſtrange Riddle of Happineſs! it is
My lovely Miſtreſs, with my much lov'd Siſter,
But how theſe Impoſſibilities ſhould meet
My mind cannot unfold! O Providence!
How dark are all thy ways? And yet how kind?
Doubling all Favours by their great Surprize.
O! riſe good Angels both, and pardon this
Forgetfulneſs. Such Wonder takes away
My Senſe, alaſs forbear your Fears, the Storm
Within my Breaſt is now laid on a ſudden,
My Soul is alter'd, or a new one given,
O let me go, ye Glories of your Sex
Who have aton'd the Sins, all Women kind
As ever yet committed. Forgive my Faults
*Marcello*, for my beloved Siſters ſake,
I embrace you with the ſame Zeal as Friends
Meet after Storms and Battels, O *Marcello*
Wipe away paſt Records, and take your Friend
Regenerated.

*Mar.* Brother *Lorenzo*
Let me plead in your words: Remember not
*Marcello* as he was, but as he is.
And when you think of him, at the ſame time
Think of his happy Siſter good *Camilla*.

*Cam.* Yes happy indeed in ſuch kind Brothers,
This place though we muſt leave it now, deſerves
It's Conſecration, and ſhould be yearly
Viſited. But now how ſhall we get home,
For the bright day recalls my Sex to mind?

*Jul.* I brought a Coach laſt Night with me to ſerve
One of you, who for his Wounds might uſe it.

*Mar.* Still you deserve more thanks, it may bring
Us to my Cousin *Paulina's* where both may change
Their Habits.

*Cam.* Well mentioned, and as we go
Explain our Stories, and their strange Success.

*Lor.* Beauteous *Camilla*, canst thou pardon one
So barbarous, so inhumane as I was?
To wound my Mistris, Oh, this cursed Arm!
But, had I known my Saint, I sooner would
Have torn my Heart out. On my knees I beg
Your Mercy, the Damn'd have not suffered worse pains
Than all this night have wrack'd my tortur'd Breast.

*Cam.* Rise, dear *Lorenzo*, it was but a scratch by a mistake, I know it.

*Lor.* I went to fetch some Water from your Fountain,
And I had lost you: then my Pangs ——

*Cam.* No more, this happy Agreement has heal'd all,
And every one had a worse wound than this.

*Lor.* In Nature as in Form thou art an Angel.
All Griefs and Enmities far hence remove,
And let us consecrate the rest of Life to Love. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Circumstantio, *and after him* Nuarcha.

*Nuar.* My dear and constant *Circumstantio*, I am glad I have met you.

*Cir.* Why? what Novel, or Business of importance do you bring?

*Nuar.* The greatest of my Life; I have been seeking of you all over the House, being stirr'd up by the good and happy Example of *Lucinda*, and your late Master *Antonio*, to confirm my happiness, and I shall endeavour to make it yours by the mouth of a Priest, this sweet inviting Morning.

*Cir.* 'Tis a very ill juncture for so weighty an Affair.
*Abi— & suspende te.*

*Nuar.* Well, Delight of my Eyes, I admire you, though I understand you not; but dearest Dear, what do you mean by this?

*Cir.*

*Cir.* Mrs. *Nuarcha*, you are a Person upon whom I design to bestow ——

*Nuar.* A thousand Blessings on my most lovely Love——

*She embraces him.*

*Cir.* Forbear, I say, and cool this amorous Flame. To be short, and to affect Laconick brevity, Mrs. *Nuarcha*, as I was saying, you are a Person that I am forbidden to marry.

*Nuar.* Oh! where shall a poor Maid find Fidelity, if *Circumstantio* prove unfaithful?

*Cir.* Hear me, I say, and with pricked up Ear attend to my Ratiocination.

*Nuar.* I will hear nothing but Marriage. O unfortunate Maid, to place confidence in man!

*Cir.* Cease your objurgatory Language. For, *Hæc commemoratio, quasi exprobratio est*; I have a great Respect for you; but for several reasons am much deterred from Marriage. Ask the performance of any Command rather than this Entreaty of necessitous Conjunction Copulative.

*Nuarc.* I will ask nothing but Marriage ——

*Cir.* Put a Bridle I say upon your immoderate desire. Here comes your Lady with other Company.

Enter *Paulo*, *Paulina*, *Antonio*, *Lucinda*.

*Paulo.* Well, Widdow, I am glad to hear your Noble Resolution, not to concern your self with Mankind, and I rest pretty well satisfied, that since I could not have you, that no Body else shall. Widdow, I believe it is for my sake —— Ha, —— Widdow! yet we might comfort one another by the by, the Ghost did not forbid that.

*Pauli.* It's a very hard thing to find your Constancy without your Years, I believe Sir; and therefore I bid Marriage farewel.

*Paulo.* Yes, yes, and so will I take my leave of Marriage; 'tis time for me, in truth Widdow — but I shall always take delight to visit you now and then, Widdow, and take

a caper

a caper or two in your Parlour —— Ha, Widdow, —— that, I presume, my old Friend *Ferdinand* will admit of.

*Pauli.* You take a prudent course, Sir, I shall follow your Example, be Mistress of my self; free from the Treachery of any Governour.

*Paulo.* Widdow, in troth I rejoyce at this bravery of Spirit, and in token of it I jump for joy. [ *He jumps.*

*Luc. Antonio,* Your Widdow bears her loss of you with great indifference.

*Ant.* You see, *Lucinda,* how small your prize is.

*Luc.* I value it the more because I shall possess you absolutely without fear of a Rival.

*Paulo.* Well, This new Son of mine, *Antonio,* puts me in mind of my self, when I was at his Years, I had my tricks then as well as the best of them. I was once in the mind to have stollen that Baggages Mother just so from her Father's House, when he made a dispute with me about Articles. Since the Widdows Resolution has thus pleased me, my good nature returns; I will forgive him. Come hither, *Antonio.*——

*Ant.* Sir, Your pleasure.

*Paulo.* Sirrah, you are a Wag, a very Wag, I believe, but I forgive you. Come hither, Hussy, —— you are a Wag too, so there's Wag for Wag.—— Get you together in Gods Name; and remember, *Antonio,* when thou mak'st me a Grand-father, I will settle a good Estate upon the little Rascal.

*Antho.* Sir, I will deserve your Favours by my Industry.

*Paulo.* Well, you are a Wag introth.

*Enter* Nurcha.

*Nurs.* Oh, Madam, I bring you the strangest News, beyond belief! Your Cozen *Marcello,* and *Lorenzo,* with two other young Gentlemen, are coming up.

*Ant.* How!

*Lucinda.* 'Tis impossible!

I and *Enter*

*Enter* Marcello, Lorenzo, Camilla *and* Julia.

*Mar.* I hope Couſin *Paulina*, that you will eaſily excuſe me for this early Trouble, when I have told you it's Occaſion, and the ſolid Happineſs that is befallen me and my Family; Theſe two in mens Cloaths, are the perpetual Ornaments of your Sex, this is *Julia* my ador'd Miſtreſs, Siſter to my beloved Friend *Lorenzo*; this is my Siſter *Camilla* moſt happy in her *Lorenzo*'s Love.

*Pauli.* This Surprize is as welcome as 'tis wonderful, and does no leſs aſtoniſh us than the ſtrong Accidents that have happened to us on our ſide laſt night; but in Civility I ſhould refer my asking Queſtions to our better Leiſure, and at preſent wiſh nothing but continual Joy to my Couſins.

*Cam.* Oh! Couſin I am this Morning the happieſt Woman in the World, who was laſt Night the moſt unfortunate.

*Julia.* And give me Leave to be your Siſter even in both Extremities of good and bad Fortune.

*Lucin.* May Heaven continue every day like this.

*Anton. Marcello* you amaze your glad Friend with the Strangeneſs of your Story, who moſt rejoyces that Heaven rewarded you ſo ſoon with Love, for aſſiſting him in his.

*Marc.* I ſucceeded the better in being any way ſerviceable to you and your *Lucinda*, pray know the worthy *Lorenzo.*

*Ant. Lorenzo* ſhall always command my Life, ſince he calls *Marcello* Brother.

*Lorenzo.* After the name of *Lorenzo*'s Brother, I cannot find any more pleaſing than that of Friend to *Antonio.*

*Cir.* The Learned obſerve that the mind of man in great Paſſions of Joy and Grief cannot curiouſly attend the Eloquence of Speaking. *Ergo*, I will defer my complemental Entertainment, till I have woven my Thoughts into an Epithalamium.

*Paulo*, In Troth this Sight is almoſt as ſtrange as our Apparition to night, and ſilences me almoſt as much. The Devil take the Ghoſt for me, that all ſhould ſpeed in the Fleſh but

I and

I and the Widdow. Well, what muſt be, muſt be. Yet I am heartily pleaſed for two Reaſons, firſt, to ſee theſe old Quarrels between two good Families ſo handſomly ended. And then that my Son in Law carries himſelf ſo prettily amongſt 'em: In Troth I find he is a pretty Fellow, and in Troth you are all pretty Fellows, and may you all live to be as luſty as I am, at my years—— Hem——There's your Lungs in Troth, [*He Hems.*

*Mar. Antonio* you have a merry Father in Law, but Couſin *Paulina*, let me beg you to aſſiſt our Miſtreſſes in changing of their Habits as ſoon as you can, and let me beg the ſame Favour of *Lucinda*.

*Lucinda. Marcello* has laid ſuch an Obligation upon me, that I can never deny him any thing.

*Loren.* I would moſt willingly ſee dear *Camilla* in a Womans Dreſs, for in this ſhe ſtill ſeems to upbraid my laſt Nights Inhumanity.

*Pauli.* Well Gentleman you ſhall be forthwith oblig'd whilſt my Couſin's in Recompence ſhall relate us their Stories.

*Marc.* Thanks good *Paulina*, and in the mean time *Antonio* and we will explain to one another what has happened.

*For in ſuch Happineſs 'tis new Delight,*
*To tell the Joys of this ſucceſsful Night.*

[*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

# EPILOGUE

## Written by Mr. *Shadwel.* Spoken by Mrs. *Barry.*

*OH! How ſevere is our poor Poets Fate!*
*Who in this barren Trade begins ſo late.*
*True* Wit's *no longer currant, 'tis cry'd down,*
*And all your half-wits into Knavery grown.*
*Thoſe who once lov'd the Stage, are now in years,*
*And leave good* Poets *for dull* Pamphleteers;
*Nay, for the worſt of Raſcals,* Libellers.
*In none of theſe will the young Sparks delight,*
*They never read, and ſcorn all thoſe that write.*
*They only come the Boxes to ſurvey,*
*Laugh, roar, and bawl, but never hear the Play.*
*In Monkey's tricks they paſs the time away,*
*At leaſt, the Poet hopes, th've done to day.*
*The Graver ſort, he's ſure, have ſo much Senſe,*
*That they'l ne're damn him for his firſt Offence.*
*He may take warning, and fling off this Itch,*
*That does poor Poets Hearts ſo much bewitch,*
*And, in a duller way, drudge and grow rich.*
*Te have no harden'd Malefactor here;*
*He ne're before did at this Bar appear.*
*If he ſhould ſuffer, the firſt time he's in,*
*'Twere hard, as for a Girl, freſh, at ſixteen,*
*To meet, at the firſt Venture, the miſhap*
*To loſe her* Maidenhead, *and get a* Clap.